

CAT'S EYE

Screenplay by STEPHEN KING

MAY 14, 1984.

FADE IN:

1. INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM - A HAND CU - DAY

1.

It's hanging out of bed, down below the level of the springs.

SOUND: Jingling bells, low.

THE CAT-our cat, we'll come to realize--comes out from under the bed and into the hand. As it moves under the hand, the hand seems to stroke it. But as the cat passes from under it, the hand drops back limply and we realize the owner is either sleeping or dead. And considering the way MOTHER and FATHER were acting, it's probably the latter.

2. INT. A GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

2.

Stuffed teddy bears and animals on the bed; pictures of horses and rock groups on the walls.

The cat runs across the room to the baseboard.

3. INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - THE CAT

3.

The cat paws at the baseboard and meows. Whatever is behind there, the cat wants it.

Now the cat sees a small bell, and paws at it. It JINGLES softly.

MUTED JINGLING SOUND from behind the baseboard, as if in answer--but not a single bell, this is several.

The cat cocks its head.

4. INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - CAT - DAY

4.

It runs along the baseboard, chasing the JINGLING SOUNDS. It strikes the leg of a small card-table with its body, spilling it over. There's doll furniture and other bric-a-brac on it, plus a rather delicate lamp. Not important stuff, but stuff a small girl would treasure. Some of this stuff, including the lamp, breaks. The cat takes no notice.

5. INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - MOTHER AND FATHER - DAY

5.

MOTHER has noticed the crash, and she jumps out of bed.

INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

6.

The cat still stalks the baseboard, its tail switching angrily. The mother appears in the doorway behind him. Oh!Oh! Our cat senses trouble. He lowers his ears and burns rubber out the door. Startled, the mother watches him go. She turns toward the bed for a moment a horrified look crosses her face and then she screams.

7. EXT. THE STREET - DAY

7.

SOUND of an approaching siren.

Now a paramedic unit whips around the corner.

8. EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

8.

The paramedic unit turns into the driveway. The doors open and two paramedics hurry up the walk to the door. MEDIC 1 has a satchel of equipment in one hand and carries a folded-up aluminum stretcher by its mid-handle in the other. MEDIC 2 is carrying oxygen equipment.

Father opens the door for them.

FATHER

Hurry--please, please hurry.

They go inside and Father shuts the door behind them.

9. INT. STAIRWAY OF THE HOUSE - DAY

9.

Father is leading the two medics rapidly upstairs.

FATHER

She just wasn't breathing, you see.  
She--

MOTHER

(voice: screaming)  
You son of a bitch! YOU KILLER!

SOUNDS: A thud; a crash.

Father has reached the top of the stairs.

MEDIC 1

What--?

CONTINUED

9. CONTINUED

9.

FATHER

Oh Jesus.

He breaks into a run down the upstairs hall, and the medics follow, lumbering along with their equipment.

10. INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM, WITH THE CAT - DAY

10.

It's in the corner, eyes watchful, ears laid back.

MOTHER

(V.O.)

SON OF A BITCH!

A vase crashes into the wall just above the Cat. It's had enough of this shit; it runs for the door.

11. INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - MOTHER - DAY

11.

No doubt about it; this woman has gone totally off her gourd. Her hair hangs in her face. Her eyes bulge wildly. She grabs a ceramic horse from the night-table beside her and heaves it.

12. INT. THE BEDROOM DOORWAY - DAY

12.

The ceramic horse explodes into a thousand pieces just as The cat skedaddles out the door.

13. INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

13.

The cat slips between the legs of Father and the Medics, almost tripping them.

14. INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM, - MOTHER - DAY

14.

She bursts into tears.

15. INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

15.

The cat takes refuge under a chair, his green eyes glinting watchfully.

16. INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - THE GIRL - DAY

16.

We can't see her very well, because there's a plastic oxygen mask over her face. We can hear the SOUND of oxygen rushing through the mask--but there is no SOUND of breathing.

17. INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - FATHER AND MOTHER - DAY

17.

They stand side by side, watching anxiously.

MOTHER

(whirling on him)

It was the cat. My mother said they steal breath sometimes, and that's what happened. That thing got on her chest and took away my daughter's life.

FATHER

That's impossible. Cats don't steal breath. And we don't know for sure--

18. INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - THE GIRL - DAY

18.

A Medic's hands reach into the frame and remove the mask, giving us our first look at THE GIRL. She's about nine years old, and extraordinarily lovely. Her hair is black and cut in a Dutch bob. Her eyes are closed. Even so, it's a face we'd know again, if we saw it...and we will. She'll be in different guises, but we'll know her.

Now the Medic's hands slowly pull the sheet up over her face.

FATHER (V.O.)

No!

19. INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - THE FATHER - DAY

19.

FATHER

(beginning to weep)

No! She can't be! Carrie, tell them--

He turns toward where Mother was.

20. INT. THE KITCHEN

20.

Mother comes. The Cat is under the table, watching her warily.

MOTHER  
(composedly)  
Just stay right there.

She goes to another door, opens it, and goes down more stairs.

21. INT. THE KITCHEN - CAT - DAY

21.

It's nervous--something's up and the Cat knows it. It looks down into the basement, where Mother went, but it doesn't want to go down there. It crosses to the kitchen/hall door. It's the type that swings both ways, but the Cat can't move it. It miaows uneasily.

22. INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - MOTHER - DAY

22.

A typical sort of place--pine panelled walls, a Ping-Pong table, racks of games and puzzles. But against the far wall is a glass gun-cabinet, padlocked shut. In it are mounted pistols, rifles...and an Uzi submachine gun, definitely illegal. A bumper sticker on one glass side of the cabinet reads YOU WILL TAKE MY GUN WHEN YOU PRY MY COLD DEAD FINGERS FROM IT. On the other: IF GUNS ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS.

23. INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - GUN-CABINET - MOTHER - DAY

23.

She takes the Uzi. Using the other key, she opens a long drawer beneath, disclosing tons of ammunition. She finds clips for the Uzi, inserts one expertly, and puts the other three or four in the pocket of her dress. She goes back to the stairs.

24. INT. THE KITCHEN - CAT - DAY

24.

It's walking beside the lower kitchen cabinets, and should give us the idea that it's still very interested in finding a way out.

The door to the downstairs opens and Mother appears. She levels the Uzi.

CONTINUED

24. CONTINUED

24.

MOTHER  
(screams)  
YOU KILLED MY DAUGHTER, YOU  
BASTARD!

She opens fire, blowing the hell out of the lower kitchen cabinets. The Cat runs for the door like a streak.

25. INT. THE BEDROOM - FATHER & PARAMEDICS - DAY

25.

They react to the gunfire.

FATHER  
(turning)  
What the--

SOUND OF CONTINUING MACHINE GUN FIRE.

26. INT. THE KITCHEN - MOTHER - DAY

26.

She turns, still firing. The force of the bullets pushes the swing door open, simultaneously filling it with holes.

The Cat streaks out.

Mother is out of ammo. She pops the clip and reloads, walking towards the door at the same time.

27. INT. THE FRONT HALL - DAY

27.

The Cat streaks up the hall as Father comes running down the stairs and Mother comes out through what remains of the kitchen door. Mother sees the Cat and begins firing. Father leaps backward into the living room as bullets run up the carpet.

28. INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

28.

Father is on the floor, eating carpet.

FATHER  
Christ, Carrie!

The Cat streaks across the room as Mother enters. The Cat runs under the coffee table.

CONTINUED

28. CONTINUED

28.

MOTHER  
YOU KILLED HER:

She opens fire again. The coffee table's glass top explodes.  
So do the cut glass decanters.

The Cat leaps onto the sill of a mullioned window as Mother  
pops a new clip into the gun.

Father is getting up.

FATHER  
Stop it, Carrie! Stop it!  
THE CAT DID NOT KILL YOUR  
DAUGHTER!

MOTHER  
(screaming)  
IT STOLE HER BREATH!

She opens fire again, perforating chairs and woodwork,  
exploding lamps. The bullets also explode the window and  
the Cat leaps out.

29. EXT. LIVING ROOM BROKEN WINDOW (SLOW MOTION)

29.

The Cap leaps through the broken window onto the lawn.

30. INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DOORWAY - MOTHER - DAY

29.

Slowly she collapses in the doorway, weeping, with the gun  
in her lap.

31. INT. CORNER OF GIRL'S ROOM - BELL - DAY

31.

SOUND of MOTHER weeping, faint.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE BASEBOARD, and now we hear two  
OTHER SOUNDS: FAINT SCRATCHING...and a muffled JINGLE OF  
BELLS.

32. INT. BASEBOARD - YELLOW EYES IN THE DARKNESS - DAY

32.

These eyes have eerie pupils. They're not cat's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:



33. EXT. STREET ON THE EDGE OF THE CITY - DAY

33.

MAIN CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS.

The surroundings here are pretty grim, the houses little more than shacks.

We pick up the Cat, walking along the weedy, cracked sidewalk. All of a sudden, as it's passing one of these little houses, a huge St. Bernard comes running out, barking wildly, chasing our Cat. With surprise on its side, the dog almost gets it, too.

The Cat goes running up the street with the Bernard in pursuit. As the dog begins to catch up again, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THE CAT into the street.

SOUND: A screech of brakes.

34. EXT. THE STREET - A WIDER SHOT - DAY

34.

The Cat has almost been struck by a 1958 Plymouth--red body, white top. Behind the wheel is a bespectacled kid who is beeping his horn, shaking his fist, and saying a lot of things we can't hear--but most of us will know none of those things are "Happy Birthday" or "Wishing you a nice day".

The Cat escapes up the far sidewalk while the St. Bernard stands on the other side, barking, and the Plymouth goes on.

CAMER TRACKS the Plymouth as it heads up the street, catching a rear bumper sticker which says ROCK AND ROLL WILL NEVER DIE.

35. EXT. STREET - ST. BERNARD - DAY

35.

Utters one more small bark--a canine version of "Fuck it!", I think--and then starts back the way it came.

During all of this, CREDITS CONTINUE.

36. EXT. WATERFRONT DOWNTOWN WILMINGTON - DAY

36.

MAIN TITLES CONTINUE.

River and battleship visible in background. The Cat pads steadily along the street toward THE CAMERA.

CONTINUED

36. CONTINUED

36.

A big ten-wheeler comes along the street, travelling fast, and blasts by it, ruffling its fur. The Cat continues on undeterred.

37. EXT. A WAREHOUSE - WILMINGTON TOBACCO CO. - DAY

37.

MAIN TITLES CONTINUE

Truck come and go; men push cars of dried tobacco leaves. It's an area of hustle and hurry. And coming into it, at one side (and below the sight-level of the men working), is our Cat. It stops and looks at:

38. EXT. TOBACCO WAREHOUSE - TEN WHEELER (CAT'S POV) - DAY

38.

It's pulled up at the loading bay of a warehouse. Two men standing there on the loading platform, talking.

WAREHOUSE MAN

You got it all.

DRIVER

I don't have to go to Raleigh?

39. EXT. TOBACCO WAREHOUSE - LOADING PLATFORM - CAT - DAY

39.

The Cat at the foot of the loading platform, leaps up easily. In the background, we see the feet of the WAREHOUSE MAN and the DRIVER.

WAREHOUSE MAN (V.O.)

Nope, just roll.

DRIVER (V.O.)

Not bad. I'll plus some silver dollars into the slots for you, Henry.

WAREHOUSE MAN (V.O.)

You do that!

During this, THE CAMERA follows the Cat to the open back of the ten-wheeler. Inside are great stacks of cigarette cartons. The Cat jumps in and slips behind a stack.

40. EXT. WAREHOUSE LOADING PLATFORM - DAY 40.

CREDITS CONTINUE as the Driver pulls the back door of his truck closed and jumps off the platform.

DRIVER

Atlantic City, here I come!

41. EXT. WAREHOUSE AREA ENTRANCE/EXIT - DAY 41.

CREDITS CONTINUE

The ten-wheeler comes pulling out onto the highway. On the side we see a Benson & Hedges ad: it shows a woman sitting on the balcony of a high building and looking out at a city. She's smoking a cigarette and a CAT--our Cat--is curled up in her lap. Beneath is a familiar slogan, one the Cat will be able to identify with by the end of this film: You've Come a Long Way, Baby!

42. INT. THE TRUCK - DAY 42.

SOUND, muffled: The truck, gearing its way up to cruising speed.

In the dark, green eyes--cat's eyes--glow at us.

DISSOLVE TO:

43. EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - DUSK 43.

MAIN CREDITS CONCLUDE.

Our ten-wheeler roars eagerly into the city.

44. EXT. TEAGUE PIER - ATLANTIC CITY - DUSK 44.

This is a pier on The Boardwalk which has been cunningly enclosed to look like a ship--a ramp gives loading access, and we see the cigarette truck move slowly up this ramp. As it comes, we get a good look at the action on the Boardwalk(summer), establishing the locale even more firmly.

45. INT. TEAGUE PIER - THE TRUCK - DUSK 45.

The Driver rolls up the back--and the cat leaps past him (scaring the shit out of him in the process).

46. INT. TRUCK - CAT, DRIVER'S POV - DUSK

46.

Disappearing down the ramp and into the night.

47. EXT. SIDEWALK - CAT - NIGHT

47.

The Cat is passing a large audio and TV store--there are about two dozen TVs in the window, all tuned to the same program--they are, in fact, showing the film Alligator. The Cat shows no interest. Then the pictures on the TV fade and are replaced by a TV commercial.

The first thing we see as the commercial starts is the face of The Girl, repeated on all those TVs over and over. Now she's got her brown hair in a pony-tail and is wearing glasses.

GIRL  
(muffled through glass)  
C'mon, Darcy...it's Chow Time!

The Cat stops; its head turns; it looks up.

On the TVs in the store window, the picture cuts from the Girl to a fuzzy Angora running across a kitchen floor.

Our Cat puts his paws up on the showroom display window and stares intently in. On the store window TVs, the picture cuts back to the Girl. She's spooning cat food into a dish marked DARCY.

GIRL  
Chow Time's all that Darcy  
eats, 'cause it's her mostest,  
mostest favorite!

48. EXT. SIDEWALK - TV STORE - CAT - CLOSER SHOT - NIGHT

48.

It's still watching intently as the TV cat eats with the Girl kneeling proudly beside her. She looks up into the CAMERA.

GIRL  
It's gone somewhere else. It's  
going to kill someone else. You  
have to find it, Darcy. You have  
to find it.

Girl continues to go through the motions of feeding the cat in the commercial.

49. EXT. SIDEWALK - TV STORE - CAT - CU - NIGHT

49.

Our Cat, its wise green eyes stare in the window at the TVs, unblinking. The commercial is over. Our Cat loses interest and walks away.

50. EXT. A CASINO ENTRANCE - NIGHT

50.

Out comes CRESSNER, WESTLAKE, AND JERRILYN, a glossy blonde bimbo. The DOORMAN is just about breaking both arms to help them get out the door; simultaneously, his eyes are all over Jerrilyn.

Cressner is about sixty with silvery hair. He's wearing a tuxedo. Jerrilyn is poured into an evening dress which reveals much more than it hides. Westlake is also about sixty, handsome, debonair. He's also wearing a tux.

A limo comes oiling up. ALBERT jumps out and opens the rear door.

Cressner steps apart from Westlake and Jerrilyn and goes to Albert.

CRESSNER

You spoke to Ducky?

ALBERT

Yes sir, Mr. Cressner.

CRESSNER

He's got my wife and her... friend...in view?

ALBERT

Yessir. She and the tennis guy are in a red '82 Corvette. Ducky's right on her...right behind her.

CRESSNER

Good.

Cressner rejoins the other two.

51. EXT. CASINO - CRESSNER, WESTLAKE, JERRILYN - NIGHT

51.

CRESSNER

(pleasantly)

So, folks--what's it going to be?

CONTINUED

51. CONTINUED

51.

JERRILYN

Dean Martin's at Harrah's--I  
haven't seen Dino Martino since I  
was a little girl.

WESTLAKE

(to Cressner)

You've taken care of your  
domestic problem?

CRESSNER

(evenly)

I've got that well in hand, Richard.

WESTLAKE

Good. Good.

Now he turns to Jerrilyn and gives her a big sugar-daddy  
smile.

WESTLAKE

Caesar's would be fine.

JERRILYN

Hooray!

52. EXT. STREET - ACROSS THE ROAD FROM CASINO - CAT - NIGHT

52.

The Cat heads for the street. No handy stop-and-go light  
here; this is mid-block. Traffic runs heavily on both sides  
of a center island. The Cat hesitates, then makes a break  
for it. He gains the center island.

53. EXT. CASINO - CRESSNER, WESTLAKE, JERRILYN - NIGHT

53.

They're starting toward the limo, where Albert is holding  
the back door open. Jerrilyn looks across the street.  
We may notice that a few other people have noticed, too.

JERRILYN

Look at that! I'll bet it's  
going to get run over.

CRESSNER

What?

JERRILYN

A cat.

Cressner and Westlake look toward:

54. EXT. STREET CENTRE ISLAND - CAT - NIGHT

54.

The traffic on the other side was bad; the traffic over here is even worse. The Cat starts into the street. A horn blares and a car sweeps by it, close. The Cat steps back delicately to the island.

55. EXT. STREET - THE CRESSNER GROUP - NIGHT

55.

JERRILYN

My daddy said you ought to drown all cats after they stopped playing with spools and stuff. He said after they stopped being cute they weren't worth feeding.

WESTLAKE

What a humanitarian your father must have been, dear.

JERRILYN

No--he was a bookie from Terre Haute.

Cressner ignores the byplay. He's become fascinated with the Cat.

CRESSNER

I've got two thousand dollars that says he can make it.

In Atlantic City, where the corpses probably get up out of the ground to listen where a wager is laid, they have begun to attract interest.

WESTLAKE

You're on.

Cressner takes money--a lot of it--from his wallet, and hands it to Albert. Westlake does the same. Jerrilyn is interested now; so are the onlookers.

JERRILYN

(half-admiring)

God, you guys would bet on anything!

CRESSNER

(grinning)

Yeah--that's what it's about.

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

55.

He's excited, and so's Westlake. Westlake is no longer the jaded older man in evening dress but a high-roller in evening dress. He runs to the curb and drops to his knees like a workman hitting an alley crap-game on payday.

56. EXT. STREET CURB - WESTLAKE - NIGHT

56.

He cups his hands around his mouth and yells at the Cat.

WESTLAKE

Here, kitty-kitty! Come on!

57. EXT. STREET CENTER ISLAND - CAT - NIGHT

57.

It's ears prick up. It steps off the curb again. More horns, a swerving car that comes even closer than the one previous, and the Cat draws back again.

58. EXT. STREET CURB - WESTLAKE - NIGHT

58.

WESTLAKE

(yelling)

Don't worry about 'em, kitty!  
They can't hurt you! They're,  
like, special effects, or  
something! Here, kitty-kitty-  
kitty!

Jerrilyn drops to her knees beside him, now in really grave danger of tumbling out of her evening gown. But she's excited.

JERRILYN

Here, kitty-kitty! Here, kitty!  
Nice kitty!

Now others in the crowd drift over and take up the "Here, kitty-kitty" chant; they are like people yelling at a guy on a ledge to jump.

59. EXT. STREET - CRESSNER & ALBERT - NIGHT

59.

ALBERT

He's going to get crunched.

CONTINUED



59. CONTINUED

59.

CRESSNER

I don't think so. That one looks like a survivor--even from way over here.

60. EXT. STREET - WESTLAKE & CHEERING SECTION - NIGHT 60.

ALL

Here, kitty-kitty! Here, kitty-kitty!

61. EXT. STREET - CAT - NIGHT 61.

It heads out into the street...and breaks for the far side.

62. EXT. STREET - CAT - NIGHT 62.

Intercut shots of the cat slipping through almost miraculous holes in the traffic, cars rear-ending each other, etc.

63. EXT. STREET - CRESSNER & ALBERT - NIGHT 63.

CRESSNER

(tense)

Come on...come on...

64. EXT. STREET - CAT - NIGHT 64.

One car goes over the median in an effort to avoid the Cat and crashes. When it seems the Cat must be hit be another car, it goes right under it.

65. EXT. STREET - WESTLAKE, JERRILYN & CROWD - NIGHT 65.

The Cat steps up on the curb. The crowd, fickle as always, now cheers it and begins to break up. Cressner walks into the shot. He has the money and is counting it.

WESTLAKE

I never would have believed it.

He bends as if to pick up the Cat, but it easily avoids him...and goes directly to Cressner, who stuffs the greenbacks carelessly in his pocket and picks him up.

CRESSNER

(smiling)

I think he knows you bet against him, Richard.

66. EXT. STREET - CRESSNER & CAT - NIGHT

66.

It lies in his arms, purring contentedly.

CRESSNER

You two go on. See Dean Martin.  
I think I'll take this guy home  
and give him a bowl of milk--he  
just earned it.

WESTLAKE

You sure?

CRESSNER

Yes--I have to finish with that  
other business, as well.

Westlake nods slowly. Cressner kisses Jerrilyn on  
the cheek.

CRESSNER

Good night, love.

Still holding the Cat, Cressner gets into the limo.  
Albert closes the door and goes around to the driver's  
seat. The limo pulls away.

JERRILYN

Is his wife still fooling around  
with that tennis pro from the  
club?

Westlake gives her a cold, flat look.

WESTLAKE

What pro?

JERRILYN

You know...that...

WESTLAKE

What wife?

She gets the point and shrinks back, terrified, looking  
at Westlake, who looks stonily back at her.

67. INT. LIMO - NIGHT

67.

Cressner pushes open the glass to speak to Albert.

CRESSNER

Tell Ducky to nail the bastard.

CONTINUED

67. CONTINUED

67.

ALBERT

Yes, sir.

He picks up the radio-telephone and puts it to his ear. Cressner sits back and strokes the Cat, which is lying beside him on the seat and PURRING LOUDLY.

68. INT. CORVETTE - NORRIS & MARCIA - NIGHT

68.

MARCIA is, of course, Cressner's wife. NORRIS is a tennis pro and looks it. They give us the impression of people who have been very tense and who are gradually relaxing.

There are a couple of suitcases and one cased tennis racket in the back. They're obviously taking off.

MARCIA

I think we lost him.

NORRIS

I'm starting to think so, too.

MARCIA

I can't believe it. It was too easy.

69. EXT. DESERTED STREET - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

69.

Norris' Corvette flashes past the CAMERA.

Suddenly the red Chevy Nova that was following before comes blasting out of a side-street, wide open, motor snarling.

70. INT. CORVETTE - NORRIS & MARCIA - NIGHT

70.

NORRIS

(grim)

You're right. It was too easy.

He floors it.

71. EXT. STREET - CHASE MONTAGE - NIGHT

71.

The director will know what he likes, but the chase should gradually work closer to the more brightly lighted hotel-and-casino section at the seaside. Little by little, the Corvette is pulling ahead.

CONTINUED

71. CONTINUED

71.

Norris pulls ahead of the Nova and hangs right down a side street. The Nova recorners and starts toward the same corner. Before the Nova reaches the corner, Norris turns into a Casino parking lot scattering valet parking attendants and crushing luggage. The 'Vette enters a tunnel which leads to the Convention Center parking lot.

72. EXT STREET - REVERSE - NIGHT

72.

Cressners' thugs saw him make the first turn but not the second and they roar past the Casino where outraged guests regret they didn't buy Samsonite luggage.

73. INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

73.

Inside the tunnel Norris pulls up to glass door which lead to an escalator. He jumps out and takes some luggage from the back.

NORRIS

Okay. Out you go. The elevator's over there. Take it up to street level. Kentucky Avenue. The Trailways station is two blocks down. I'll meet you. You know where.

MARCIA

Yes. I...all right. I told you not to underestimate him, didn't I?

NORRIS

Yes. You did. Which is why we're splitting up here, while we have the chance.

MARCIA

Do you love me, Tony? Really?

He leans over and kisses her hard.

NORRIS

Yes, now will you go?

She picks up the two small suitcases.

MARCIA

(lightly mocking)  
Bloody-really!

CONTINUED

73. CONTINUED

73.

NORRIS  
(swats her fanny)  
Go, girl!

But first, of course, they must kiss again.

MARCIA  
(lovingly)  
Bloody really.

She runs to the glass doors and enters. Norris waits to see this, then gets back into the Corvette, starts it, and drives away.

Norris speeds through the tunnel. Just before he reaches the street, the red Chevy Nova appears in front of him. Both cars jam on their brakes to avoid a collision.

Norris tries to escape in reverse, backing up through the tunnel as fast as he can, steering in reverse so difficult Norris keeps over-correcting sending out a shower of sparks each time his fenders hit the walls.

The Nova doesn't help matters by ramming into the 'Vette's front end instead it caused the 'Vette to slide sideways to a stop.

The two hoods pull Norris from his car.

NORRIS  
(struggling)  
Hey!

DUCKY  
Is for horses, better for cows.  
Pigs don't eat it because they  
donno how. Boingo!

He pops Norris one in the eye.

DUCKY  
Let's go friend.

NORRIS  
Where?

DUCKY  
(almost with pity)  
Oh, I think you know where.

CONTINUED

73. CONTINUED

73.

DOM produces something from under his coat, and almost before we have time to realize what they are, he's snapped the handcuffs on Norris.

NORRIS

What are these for? Hey! H--

DUCKY

Pigs don't eat it 'cause they donno how! Boingo!

He pops Norris in the other eye.

DUCKY

(continues)

Dom's gonna take your car, which means it's gonna be you and me alone together. A man in cuffs finds it hard to get frisky. Get his keys, Dom.

Dom plunges his hand into Norris' pocket and rummages quite near the family jewels.

DOM

Pardon the extrusion.

He comes up with the keys and jingles them for Ducky.

DUCKY

Okay. Let's go. And the next time you say "hey", it's your nose.

He starts pushing Norris toward the car, the Corvette is parked behind --and Norris sees it is the Nova.

DUCKY (CU)

(with sympathy)

My friend, I think you're in for a hard night!

74. EXT. THE WESTLAKE TOWERS - NIGHT

74.

The Camera pans slowly down from the lighted penthouse the slowness of the pan reinforcing the height of the building.

The Nova pulls into the adjacent parking lot.

75. EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

75.

Ducky gets out, then gestures for Norris to slide across and out. Ducky is now holding a gun.

DUCKY  
Come on, dear.

Norris slides across and gets out; Ducky starts moving him toward the Bellamy Towers, which is very high.

76. INT. THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CRESSNER - NIGHT

76.

On one side of the room, sliding glass doors open on the patio-balcony, which is edged by a wrought iron fence about waist-high. Beyond, we can see the ocean, the Boardwalk, and the strip.

The room is richly appointed. There is a love-seat to one side, and on it the Cat is culed up--but it is awake, watching Cressner intently.

Cressner is wearing a robe that looks like it maybe went for about \$900. in Sulka's, New York. Hell, even his hair looks rich.

In the middle of the floor, glaringly out of place, is a brown paper shopping bag.

SOUND: The doorbell. Cling-clong!

77. INT. THE PENTHOUSE DOORWAY - NORRIS & DUCKY - NIGHT

77.

Norris' cuffed hands are before him as Cressner opens the door. In addition, both of Norris' eyes are starting to blacken. Cressner smiles; he looks like the cat that just swallowed the cream.

CRESSNER  
Unlock him.

Ducky produces the key to the cuffs, but looks uneasy.

CRESSNER  
I think we can both be reasonable, can't we, Mr. Norris?  
Considering what's at stake?

NORRIS  
I can be reasonable.

Ducky looks again at Cressner; Cressner nods. Ducky unlocks the cuffs. Norris massages his wrists for a moment, and then, before anyone can react, he punches Ducky in the eye, knocking him down.

CONTINUED

77. CONTINUED

77.

Ducky goes for his gun.

CRESSNER

No!

Ducky freezes.

NORRIS

Hay is for horses, asshole.  
Better for cows. You got a face  
like a garbage scow.

Ducky glowers. Cressner looks moderately amused.

DUCKY

Let me shoot him.

CRESSNER

Go somewhere and put a steak  
on your eye, Ducky.

Cressner closes the door on him. He and Norris just  
stare at each other for a moment.

CRESSNER

Where's Marcia?

Norris only shakes his head.

CRESSNER

Well...you're here, at any rate,  
and between the two of us we  
ought to be able to get something  
accomplished. Step in, Mr. Norris!

78. EXT. THE WESTLAKE TOWERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

78.

Norris' Corvette comes wheeling around the corner and  
stops. The limo is following. They park side by side.  
Dom gets out of the 'Vette. Albert still wearing his  
chaffeur's monkeysuit, gets out of the limo. Albert  
gives Dom a bunch of bills.

ALBERT

Blow.

79. INT. THE PENTOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

79.

CU the brown shopping bag on Cressner's rug.

CONTINUED



80. INT. THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CRESSNER & NORRIS  
- NIGHT

80.

Norris is standing by the door, wary. Cressner is sitting in the love-seat. The Cat is in his lap. He strokes it as they talk.

NORRIS

If it's a payoff, forget it--  
you don't seem to understand  
that I love her.

Norris pushes the bag over and banded bundles of money fly out.

CRESSNER

It's not a payoff, Mr. Norris  
--it's a wager. My wife comes  
with it, if you win.

NORRIS

She's mine now.

CRESSNER

You spent three years in San  
Quentin, Mr. Norris. Drugs,  
wasn't it?

NORRIS

It was selling a little pot back  
in the days when people used to  
get pot and heroin confused.  
Marcia knows all about it.

CRESSNER

I've set you up, Mr. Norris.

For the first time Norris looks off-balance.

NORRIS

What?

Cressner shoos the cat gently off his lap, gets up, goes to the bar, and pours himself a scotch.

CRESSNER

Drink?

NORRIS

No. What are you talking about?

CRESSNER

(smiling)

You ought to have a drink, Mr.  
Norris--I think you're going to  
need one.

81. EXT. THE WESTLAKE TOWERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT 81.

Looking into the 'Vette trunk; hands clad in thin surgical gloves put two bags of white powder under Norris' spare tire. It might be heroin, it might be cocaine, but in our hearts we know it ain't Domino sugar.

82. EXT. THE WESTLAKE TOWERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT 82.

Albert, at the rear of Norris' car. He closes the trunk, strips off his gloves, and crosses to a litter basket. He tosses the gloves in. At the entrance to the lot is a pay telephone. Albert takes up station beside it.

In the b.g. is the Bellamy Towers, looking about a mile high.

83. INT. THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CRESSNER & NORRIS 83.  
- NIGHT

Now Norris is sitting on the love-seat, looking stunned. A half-finished drink stands in front of him. Cressner stands by the glass window-wall which leads to the patio-balcony, and glances at his watch.

CRESSNER

In ten minutes Albert will call the police and tell them a tale of heroin, 1982 Corvettes, and ageing tennis pros with drug records. You will be eagerly sought after, Mr. Norris.

NORRIS

Unless I tell you where Marcia is.

CRESSNER

With you gone she'd come back. She has nowhere else to go! As for you Mr. Norris...When you get out of jail you'll be more concerned with your arthritis than your libido. Unless you want to take the wager I'm offering. Step out here for a minute, Mr. Norris.

He heads for the patio. Norris hesitates for a moment, then follows. There's a strong breeze which ruffles their hair.

CRESSNER

I want to show you something.

84. EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - CRESSNER & NORRIS - NIGHT 84.

In the b.g. we see a digital bank clock which is flashing 8:36PM.

CRESSNER

Take a look down.

Norris eyes him mistrustfully and doesn't move.

CRESSNER

Are you afraid I'm going to push you over Mr. Norris? I'm the one who should worry about that.

NORRIS

Sure. And I'd go--

CRESSNER

Straight to jail! Do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars! Well...there is that. Come on over, Mr. Norris--God hates a coward, right?

Norris looks at him for a moment and then over.

CRESSNER

Look down there and tell me what you see.

Norris leans over--warily.

85. EXT. VIEW FROM BALCONY, LOOKING DOWN INTO STREET 85.  
(NORRIS' POV) - NIGHT

The shot features that small ledge below the railing. Further down, those tiny cars.

CRESSNER (V.O.)

Well?

86. EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - CRESSNER & NORRIS - NIGHT 86.

NORRIS

I see a ledge, and the street, and a lot of down in between. Look, what's all this shit about?

CONTINUED

86. CONTINUED

86.

CRESSNER

The wager I'm proposing is very simple. The ledge skirts the entire building. If you can walk all the way around, the skag will be removed from your car, you get the money...and of course, you get my wife.

Norris looks at Cressner incredulously, then over the ledge again.

87. EXT. THE LEDGE AND THE DROP - NORRIS' POV - NIGHT 87.

88. EXT. THE BALCONY - NORRIS & CRESSNER - NIGHT 88.

NORRIS

You're crazy.

The wind GUSTS NOISILY, knocking over a patio table and umbrella.

CRESSNER

(tone of apology)

I'm afraid the wind may be a real factor tonight. And the top of the building is sort of an architectural monstrosity--odd little nooks and crannies, art deco stuff. Atlantic City is famous for it. But if your balance goes a little wrong--

He sticks out his arms like Superman and mimes flying. Then he laughs.

89. EXT. LOOKING DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING FROM THE BALCONY - NIGHT 89.

CRESSNER (V.O.)

That's the bet, Mr. Norris.

90. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER & NORRIS - NIGHT 90.

CRESSNER

It's the girl, the gold watch, and everything, or it's a lot of straight time in Rahway.

Norris goes to the railing and looks down. There's sweat all over his face. It's the sweat that tells us he sees the box he's in.

91. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER & NORRIS

91.

NORRIS

One thing.

CRESSNER

(pleasantly)

Yes, Mr. Norris?

NORRIS

You look right in my face  
and tell me if you're a  
welsher or not.

CRESSNER

(utter sincerity)

Mr. Norris, I have never  
welshed on a bet in my life.

There is a long, long pause. Norris looks down again,  
then looks back at Cressner.

NORRIS

All right. I'll take your  
bloody wager.

CRESSNER

Excellent! Really excellent!

The Cat suddenly leaps up on the table between the two  
men. It looks fixedly at Norris, and after a moment  
Norris picks it up. SOUND: THE CAT, PURRING.

CRESSNER

Sebastian appears to like you,  
Mr. Norris. Maybe that's a  
good sign.

Norris puts the cat down.

NORRIS

Just don't let him come out  
and mess me up while I'm on  
that ledge.

CRESSNER

(laughs)

Assuredly not, Mr. Norris!

NORRIS

All right--when?

CRESSNER

Why--now, Mr. Norris...I  
thought you--

CONTINUED

91. CONTINUED

91.

The wind GUSTS. Norris looks frightened; Cressner merely smiles.

CRESSNER

--I thought you understood that.

NORRIS

Now.

(pause)

Okay, now.

Norris goes slowly to the railing and closes his hands over its top rail.

92. EXT. THE BALCONY - NORRIS - NIGHT

92.

CU Norris. He stands there for a moment, eyes closed, deep-breathing concentrating, focusing himself.

NORRIS

(low; to himself)

Before I can lose my bloody nerve.

93. EXT. THE BALCONY - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

93.

He swings carefully over the edge, holding onto the railing. He lowers himself down, using his arms.

94. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT

94.

He has the Cat in his arms. He's smiling, happy... intent.

95. EXT. THE BALCONY - NORRIS THROUGH BARS OF BALCONY  
- NIGHT

95.

He looks like a person in jail. The wind flaps the collar of his shirt.

NORRIS

Call.

96. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT

96.

Cressner on the balcony.

CRESSNER

Beg pardon?

97. EXT. THE BALCONY - NORRIS - NIGHT

97.

NORRIS

Call you man and tell him to  
take the dope out of my car.  
I can see the phone from here.

98. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER, NORRIS' POV (UP-ANGLE) 98.  
- NIGHT

CRESSNER

Oh! I see. Very well, Mr. Norris.

He puts the Cat down and re-enters the penthouse apartment through the glass door. He goes to the telephone, picks it up, dials.

99. EXT. THE BALCONY - CAT - NIGHT 99.

It walks over to Norris and touches noses with him through the bars.

NORRIS

Buzz off, okay?

100. EXT. THE BALCONY - CAT, EXTREME CU(NORRIS POV) - NIGHT 100.

It MEOWS--then strolls off. Now we can see Cressner on the phone--but we can't tell what he's saying. He hangs up and comes back out on the balcony.

CRESSNER

All right, Mr. Norris?

101. EXT. THE BALCONY - NORRIS THROUGH BARS OF RAILING 101.  
- NIGHT

NORRIS

For all I know, you could have called your bookie.

102. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT 102.

CRESSNER

Mr. Norris, I'm my bookie.

(pause)

Albert's going to park your car down below, in the turn-around. You'll be able to see it if you look down.

(pause)

If you fall from the right place, you might even be able to land on it.

Cressner laughs cheerily.

103. EXT. WESTLAKE TOWERS DRIVE LEADING TO TOWERS - 103.  
PENTHOUSE POV - NIGHT

We see Norris' Corvette coming from the parking lot to the drive which circles the building--it looks like a toy from up here. A very tiny Albert leans out and waves.

CONTINUED

104. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT

104.

He waves casually back at Albert. He's very happy, and why not? Everything is going according to plan.

CRESSNER

(smiling)

The ledge is five inches wide, but once you're on it, it looks a lot more like three, doesn't it? Or two. Or one.

105. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

105.

NORRIS

How the hell would you know?

106. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT

106.

CRESSNER

(goads)

I think you're just going to stand there for awhile and then climb back up. If you've got enough strength left in your arms to do that.

107. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

107.

Norris gives Cressner the finger. Then he begins to move slowly right. He gets to the edge of the patio. Pauses. Closes his eyes. Does some deep breathing to get his head together. He lets go with his right hand and keeps edging right. Now he has reached the point where he must either let go entirely or go back. He turns his head to the left, scraping his cheek against the stone-block wall of the building.

SOUND through all this: The WIND, not loud, but steady.

108. EXT. THE PATIO - CRESSNER & CAT, NORRIS' POV - NIGHT

108.

The Cat is sitting on the patio table, tail neatly curled around its haunches, watching Norris. Cressner stands with his hands behind his back, watching with beady interest.

CRESSNER

You don't have the guts, Mr. Norris.

109. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS, TIGHT SHOT - NIGHT

109.

NORRIS

Fuck you.

He lets go of the railing and edges a bit more right.



110. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS' FEET - NIGHT

110.

His heels project out over the edge...and now the CAMERA looks downward, giving us a dizzying, dismaying view of the drop.

111. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT

111.

He standing as previously, hands behind his back, like Captain Bligh on the poop-deck of the Bounty. Suddenly he leaps forward, housecoat flapping like batwings, and leans far over the right side of the railing, toward Norris.

CRESSNER  
BOOGA-BOOGA!!

112. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

112.

Norris screams and totters backward in reaction to the fright Cressner has given him. His hands scrabble at the wall--no help there.

But at last he regains his balance and presses himself against the wall, panting and wide-eyed.

NORRIS  
You bastard!

113. EXT. THE BALCONY RAILING - CRESSNER - NIGHT

113.

CRESSNER  
Just keeping you on your toes,  
Mr. Norris.

114. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

114.

He's about four feet beyond the jutting patio-balcony, His right cheek is pressed against the side of the building. Now he inclines his head and looks down.

115. EXT. THE GROUND - NORRIS' POV - NIGHT

115.

It's a long way down--and abruptly the scene begins to swirl IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

116. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

116.

He closes his eyes and begins to do his deep breathing again.

CONTINUED

117. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT 117.

CRESSNER  
Feeling a bit whoopsy, Mr. Norris?  
Try to control it. I haven't checked  
the books, but puking on someone  
from forty stories up is probably a  
misdeamnor in Atlantic City.

118. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS 118.

He opens his eyes.

119. EXT. THE BANK CLOCK - NORRIS' POV - NIGHT 119.

It reads 8:49 in big digital numbers.

120. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS FROM THE CORNER OF BUILDING 120.  
- NIGHT

He shuffles slowly along, approaching the CAMERA.  
In the b.g., Cressner leans over the railing, watching  
with interest.

121. EXT. THE LEDGE - AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT 121.

From here we can't see Norris because he's blindside  
to us, but we can hear the shuffling sound of his  
progress. We can see part of the bank clock; it blinks  
from 8:4-something to 8:5. Norris' hand closes around the  
square corner of the building.

122. EXT. THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 122.

He's at the corner, but still on the Cressner side of  
the building. THE WIND GUSTS. He presses desperately  
against the building, his hair flying around his head,  
his shirt-collar flapping.

He nerves himself. We can see him doing it. And then  
he begins to slide around the corner.

THE WIND GUSTS. The strongest gust yet.

Norris totters. He's halfway around the corner, the  
angle pressing into him from crotch to chest to fore-  
head. He clutches blindly at the building.

123. EXT. THE ANEMOMETER, ECU - NIGHT 123.

Cressner's finger pushes it. The numbers 043 jump  
into view.

124. EXT. THE BALCONY - CRESSNER - NIGHT 124.

CRESSNER  
(delight)  
He's going off!

125. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS AT THE CORNER, CRESSNER'S 125.  
POV - NIGHT

He's rocking and reeling, on the very edge of taking the long drop.

126. EXT THE ANEMOMETER, CLOSE - NIGHT 126.

It drops suddenly: 039, 031, 022, 012, 009.

WIND SOUND DROPS CORRESPONDINGLY.

127. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 127.

He collapses against the corner breathing hard--but there's not time to lose. That wind might come up again. He eases the rest of the way around the corner and presses against the building.

After a moment he begins to shuffle along the ledge again.

128. INT THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 128.

The Cat is outside the bedroom entrance, up to its old tricks--pawing at the baseboard. Cressner re-enters. He's excited, in a hurry. He crosses to the bedroom and almost trips over the Cat (maybe its crossing the doorway to get to the baseboard on the other side). Cressner kicks it, hard.

CRESSNER

(snarls)

Out of my way!

129. INT THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CAT CU - NIGHT 129.

It hisses at him balefully, green eyes flaring.

130. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 130.

Norris is making toward a sloping buttress which interrupts the ledge for about twenty feet. The buttress is set into the building and as Norris goes around a corner, a flock of pigeons startled by this strange intruder, fly into his face. Norris flattens into the wall with a scream until they disappear into the night darkness. One of the pigeons (yassar Arafat) lands on the far side of the buttress and watches Norris with considerable resentment.

131. INT THE PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

131.

Cressner enters and goes to the closet. He opens the door and rummages inside. He searches through a pile of junk; golf clubs, enema bags, samurai swords, etc. His face is alive, expectant. It's that Friday night crap-game look again. God, is he having fun!

132. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

132.

He's working his way along slowly. He reaches a closed window and begins to edge past it. As he passes, the curtains part and we see Cressner's face for a moment.

133. EXT THE LEDGE - A LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

133.

In the f.g. we can see Norris' legs and slowly shuffling feet. He's passing over the splotch of pigeon guano. Beyond him is the pigeon backing away, looking at him beadily.

134. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

134.

Moving carefully along the top of the buttress, approaches the second window, grabbing the molding as a hand-hold. To his surprise the window slides open. SAFETY!! He opens the window all the way and parts the curtains to step in. Suddenly the bell of a horn pushes into his face.

SOUND: A LOUD KLAXON BLAST, followed by a second:  
HAAOOOGAH! HAAOOOOGAH!

Norris SCREAMS and totters. Once more it seems almost certain he will fall.

135. EXT THE LEDGE - THE PIGEON - NIGHT

135.

It has also been startled by the Klaxon horn. It flutters in the air, lands on the ledge again, and backpedals rapidly.

136. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT

136.

Norris grabs the curtains for support as he falls backwards the curtain rings pull off the curtain rod like a zipper opening. Norris flails his arms and legs as he falls onto the sloping surface of the buttress. "Oh Shit" he begins to slide down the buttress toward the street below, and disappears from sight.

137.

136A. EXT PENTHOUSE - CRESSNER LEANING OUT OF BEDROOM  
WINDOW - NORRIS' POV - NIGHT

136A.

He's holding the horn in one hand and grinning.  
He squeezes the bulb a few times. HAAOOOGAH! And  
so on.

136B. EXT THE LEDGE - BUTTRESS - NIGHT

136B.

NORRIS (V.O.)  
(scared, furious)  
You bastard!

CAMERA moves forward to see over the buttress and  
discovers Norris on a small ledge below and draped  
in gauzy curtains.

136C. EXT PENTHOUSE - CRESSNER LEANING OUT BEDROOM WINDOW  
- NIGHT

136C.

CRESSNER  
Just keeping you on your toes.

He drops the klaxon horn. It bounces off Norris'  
should with a honk.

137. EXT THE KLAXON FALLING - NIGHT

137.

THE CAMERA TRACKS IT as it falls down, down, down.

138. EXT THE WESTLAKE TOWERS SIDE DRIVE - NIGHT 138.

The klaxon horn hits the pavement on its rubber bulb and there's a brief, loud OOOOG!, sort of like a musical fart. It lands quite close to Norris' parked Z.

139. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 139.

He winces, sickened.

140. EXT THE PENTHOUSE WINDOW - CRESSNER - NIGHT 140.

Laughing, he pulls back inside and shuts the window.

141. INT THE PENTHOUSE BEDROOM DOORWAY - NIGHT 141.

The Cat stands there, just looking. As Cressner starts back toward the living room, it shies away, HISSING.

CRESSNER

(irritated)

Quit it! Where's your fucking sense of humor?

142. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 142.

At last he begins to move again.

143. EXT THE LEDGE - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT 143.

Now we can see Norris' legs and the pigeon again. It suddenly decides to exercise its territorial imperative. It waddles forward and pecks Norris' ankle through his stocking.

144. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 144.

NORRIS

Yow!

The pigeon has startled him badly and once again he totters. At last he regains his balance and looks toward:

145. EXT THE LEDGE - PIGEON - NIGHT 145.

It has drawn back a prudent distance to see what effect this first attack will have. It has none, of course; if Norris kicks the bird with any force at all, he'll fall.

It waddles forward and pecks Norris again.

146. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 146.  
He grimaces, then begins to edge right again.
147. EXT THE LEDGE - A LOWER ANGLE - NIGHT 147.  
As Norris moves forward, the pigeon backs up--but every couple of seconds it pauses to peck at Norris' ankle.
148. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 148.  
His face is twisted in a grimace of pain, and he jerks a little each time the pigeon pecks him. This is like dying the Death of a Thousand Cuts.
- NORRIS  
Buzz off! Go gargle with a  
broken lightbulb, numbnuts!
149. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS' ANKLE & PIGEON CU - NIGHT 149.  
There are a couple of holes in Norris' stocking now, and blood is trickling from the holes.  
The pigeon darts forward again and--peck!
150. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS & PIGEON - NIGHT 150.  
He shuffles his foot at it in an ineffectual half-kick. The pigeon flutters back, easily avoiding what is really little more than a token gesture; Norris, however, damn near falls off the ledge.  
At last he settles back against the wall--yet he jerks a little every two or three seconds and we know the pigeon is still working his ankle.
- NORRIS  
(low)  
Jesus. I think its Dracula.
- He begins edging right again.
151. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS FROM SECOND CORNER - NIGHT 151.  
Norris shuffles along the ledge toward the CAMERA. As he comes, the pigeon backs up, pausing every now and then to dart forward and take another peck of tonight's entree--fillet Norris.  
As Norris reaches the second corner, the bird easily backs around it.  
The WIND GUSTS. When it dies, Norris slips halfway around the second corner and clutches the angle in

CONTINUED

151. CONTINUED 151.
- another awkward embrace. At once he winces with pain.
- NORRIS  
Ouch, goddammit!
152. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS' ANKLE & PIGEON CU - NIGHT 152.
- There are now lots of holes in Norris stocking. It is matted with blood; blood also trickles down over his shoe. The pigeon darts forward and pecks again.
153. EXT LOOKING ALONG THE LEDGE, NORRIS' POV - NIGHT 153.
- Halfway down the third side of the building is an inset or a niche--it's hard to tell at this distance, in the dark. We can tell one thing, for sure--there are a lot of branches sticking out. They rattle and move in the wind.
154. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 154.
- He begins to shuffle forward more rapidly, wincing each time the pidgeon has at him--which is often.
155. EXT NORRIS FROM ABOVE (CRESSNER'S POV) - NIGHT 155.
- Norris is edging painfully along the ledge with the pigeon pecking him every once in awhile.
- The CAMERA NOW PANS LEFT and looks directly down into: a deep niche, decorated with cornices and filled with very old plants. Those not dead have so run to riot that it looks like a minature garden in there.
156. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS' ANKLE & PIGEON CU - NIGHT 156.
- Norris' stocking is now in tatters, and his ankle is very badly lacerated.
157. EXT THE LEDGE NICHE - NORRIS FROM NICHE - NIGHT 157.
- He shuffles toward it with agonizing slowness...and at last reaches it. He grabs one of the big plant pots and drags it forward. It goes over the side.
158. EXT THE LEDGE NICHE - NORRIS - NIGHT 158.
- Safe! He leans back against another of the pots, breathing hard, his hair hanging in his face. Suddenly he jerks with pain.



159. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS' ANKLE & PIGEON CU - NIGHT 159.

Its little birdy-brain has decided this guy can't hurt it, and it pecks Norris' bombed-out ankle again.

160. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS & PIGEON - NIGHT 160.

NORRIS

(mutters)

Try this, you flying shithouse.

Leaning back for balance, he kicks. Hard. Kerwhap! Direct hit! The pigeon goes tumbling backward with a squack, then flies away. Now Norris looks toward the rear of the niche and his eyes widen with hope. He sees:

161. EXT SERVICE DOORWAY, NORRIS' POV - NIGHT 161.

It's mostly obscured by plants.

162. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 162.

He leaps for that door, shoving plant-pots aside, knocking several over the edge. When the door is revealed more fully we see it has been chained shut. Both chain and padlock are rusty with age, but both look extremely stout.

CRESSNER (V.O.)

Mr. Norris?

Norris looks up wildly and sees.

163. EXT CRESSNER'S HEAD, NORRIS' POV - NIGHT 163.

He's looking over the parapet smiling.

CRESSNER

No stopping, Mr. Norris--  
against the rules.

164. EXT NORRIS IN NICHE - NIGHT 164.

Norris is freaked out, this guy Cressner seems to be everywhere.

NORRIS

Too bad. I've got combat fatigue.

CRESSNER (V.O.)

Look up here for just a moment,  
Mr. Norris, if you would?

Cressner, who is holding the nozzle of a hose.  
(NOTE: And a fireman's hat?--Just an idea.)

165. EXT CRESSNER (NORRIS'S POV) 165.  
THE CAMERA LOOKS UP...and water pours down onto it.
166. EXT THE LEDGE - NORRIS - NIGHT 166.  
High-pressure water douses him...drives him back toward the edge. He grabs at plant-limbs and somehow manages to hold on. He's coughing and choking...he's driven to his knees.
167. EXT THE ROOF - CRESSNER - NIGHT 167.  
He nods back toward Ducky.
168. EXT THE ROOF - DUCKY - NIGHT 168.  
He turns off the valve.
169. EXT CRESSNER - NIGHT 169.  
CRESSNER  
(as the hose dries up)  
What do you think Mr. Norris? Is this more fun than human beings should be allowed to have, or what?
170. EXT NORRIS IN THE NICHE - NIGHT 170.  
Drenched...and steaming. The seaside air is cold even though it is summer. He looks up.  
NORRIS  
(screaming)  
I'll kill you!
171. EXT CRESSNER THE ROOF - NIGHT 171.  
CRESSNER  
(coldly)  
No, Mr. Norris--but I will most assuredly kill you if you don't get moving in the next thirty seconds. The valve was only half-open that time. If I open it all the way, I'll blow you out of that hole.
172. EXT NORRIS IN NICHE - NIGHT 172.  
He's still steaming, and now shivering all over, as well.  
NORRIS  
(low; to himself)  
Kill you. Wait and see.  
But he gets moving again.

173. EXT THE LEDGE NORRIS, FROM THE THIRD CORNER - NIGHT 173.

Edging along the ledge, wet, steaming clothes clinging to him, all of the Atlantic City in the b.g. Now his shuddering is threatening to propel him off.

174. INT ELEVATOR CORRIDOR - CRESSNER - NIGHT 174.

He emerges from the service stairwell trailing fire-hose behind him. He crosses to Ducky and we see where the hose comes out of the wall.

CRESSNER

Any problem with the delivery?

DUCKY

Nope. Easy. It's inside Albert brought it. Albert--I think he liked it.

CRESSNER

That would not surprise me a bit.

He hands Ducky some bills. Ducky looks at them and his face lights up.

DUCKY

Thanks!

CRESSNER

Sure. Albert can do the rest.

He pushes Ducky ahead of him into the elevator and then disappears into his apartment.

175. EXT THE LEDGE NORRIS - NIGHT 175.

He almost reaches the third corner when the WIND GUSTS: he has to fight to stay on. For a moment it seems he will tumble, but with a final effort he manages to grasp the corner. As he reaches the corner we see the giant blinking logo for Westlake Towers.

176. EXT THE BANK CLOCK - NIGHT 176.

It now reads 10:15. As we watch, the numbers change to 10:16.

177. EXT PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT 177.

The cat is sitting on the patio table, cleaning its paws.

COTINUED

177. CONTINUED

177.

CRESSNER (V.O.)  
Put it in the shopping bag.

ALBERT  
(doubtful voice)  
On top of the money?

SOUND: SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS--and a man, PANTING.

The Cat steps onto the wrought railing of the balcony.  
No fear of heights here.

178. EXT THE FOURTH SIDE OF BUILDING - CAT'S POV - NIGHT 178.

Norris looking almost used up, is maneuvering around  
the 10 foot WT logo.

CRESSNER (V.O.)  
You come when I say 'How do you like  
that, Mr. Norris? Have you got it?

ALBERT (V.O.)  
Sure, I got it.

During this conversation, Norris is hanging on to the  
giant blinking letters. The WIND GUSTS again, and we  
don't need to see the wind gadget to know it's the  
hardest yet. The WIND SHRIEKS.

179. EXT THE CAT, ON THE LEDGE - NIGHT 179.

It's cringing back from the gust, its eyes slitted.

180. EXT NORRIS, ON THE LOGO - NIGHT 180.

His weight is on the top of the T suddenly the bolts  
attaching it to the wall pull loose and the letters out  
from the building and down, slamming Norris against the  
wall below the ledge. He barely manages to maintain his  
hand hold as he swings freely, 32 stories above the street.  
A broken electrical wire whips wildly in the wind raining  
a shower of sparks down on Norris every time it hits metal.  
The light continues to blink on and off alternately bathing  
Norris in bright lights and casting him into darkness.  
A cable runs up the side of the building past the terrace.  
Norris manages to grab it and lets go of the sign. The  
cable pulls away from the building and Norris swings  
wildly, but he manages to pull himself hand over hand up  
to the balcony.

181. EXT THE CAT - NIGHT 181.

It jumps to the patio floor. The CAMERA TRACKS IT as it  
goes inside. Cressner is back on the love-seat smoking  
a cigarette in a holder, a drink beside him. The shop-  
ping bag is in the middle of the floor.

182. EXT THE BALCONY-PATIO - NORRIS - NIGHT

182.

He swings one leg over, loses his balance, and tumbles heavily to the floor of the balcony.

He turns over and begins to fervently kiss the rough concrete of the balcony. These are not the pecks the Pope gives the earth when he gets of his Papal 747 in a foreign country; these are great big open-mouthed smooches, the kisses of a man who has been re-united with his lover. Water drips from his hair onto the cement.

CRESSNER (V.O.)

Excellent, Mr. Norris! Come on in and have a drink.

183. EXT THE BALCONY - NORRIS - NIGHT

183.

He's wary, but...at this point a drink sounds damned good.

184. INT THE PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

184.

Cressner crosses to the bar, avoiding the shopping bag in the middle of the floor. The cat sits by the closed bedroom door, watching everything.

Norris crosses, still wary, toward the middle of the room.

CRESSNER

(returning)

To the victor goes the big Glenlivet.  
And the spoils of course.

Cressner glances toward the brown bag and smiles. Then he goes to his own drink and picks it up. He returns to Norris and raises it.

CRESSNER

A toast to you, Mr. Norris!

Ignoring Cressner's invitation to toast, Norris drains his drink in one long gulp and tosses the glass indifferently aside. Cressner is offended. He may have been playing various parts before this, but he is genuinely offended by this silent refusal to drink with him. His face freezes and he sets his own glass aside untasted.

CRESSNER

All right. All right, Mr. Norris.

NORRIS

What about my car?

CONTINUED

184. CONTINUED

184.

CRESSNER

Clean. I told you. I don't welsh.

NORRIS

No?

CRESSNER

No. I'm just an extremely poor loser.  
I promised you three things. You have  
your car and it's clean. Now take the  
money and my wife and get out of here.

He kicks the shopping bag. Banded bundles of money fly  
out. Marcia's severed head also flies out, and rolls  
across the rug.

NORRIS

(screams)

Jesus!

185. INT THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR - NIGHT

185.

The head rolls most of the way to the wall.

186. INT THE CAT BY THE BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

186.

It backs up, hissing, hair standing up in spikes.

187. INT THE LIVING ROOM - CRESSNER & NORRIS - NIGHT

187.

CRESSNER

(raising his voice)

How do you like that, Mr. Norris?

NORRIS

Son of a bitch!

He starts toward Cressner obviously meaning to dismember  
him.

188. INT A NEW ANGLE ON THE LIVING ROOM WITH BEDROOM  
DOOR - NIGHT

188.

Albert comes running into the living room. He's got a  
gun as big as his own head in one hand. A silencer is  
on the end. The Cat runs between his legs. Albert  
falls over. The gun flies out of his hand.

Cressner jumps for it. As he bends to pick it up,  
Norris kicks him in the face. Cressner goes skidding away.

189. INT THE LIVING ROOM - ALBERT - NIGHT

189.

Albert has had enough. He runs for the hall door.  
As he opens it, we hear the SOUND of three shots from  
a silenced gun.

CONTINUED

189. CONTINUED

189.

Holes appear in Albert's body. He's never going to dance the tango again. He collapses into the hall. The Cat runs out past him.

190. INT THE LIVING ROOM CRESSNER - NIGHT

190.

He picks himself up. There's a big abrasion on the side of his face. He looks toward:

191. INT THE LIVING ROOM NORRIS, CRESSNER'S POV - NIGHT

191.

Something in him has died, and what's left looks poisoned.

192. INT LIVING ROOM CRESSNER - NIGHT

192.

He comes slowly back toward Norris until we've got a two-shot. He's scared now--badly scared.

Around them are banded bundles of money, many of them smeared with Marcia's blood.

NORRIS

That's as close as you want to come.

Cressner stops at once.

CRESSNER

This money..it's nothing! Chickenfeed! I can get you a hundred thousand! Five hundred thousand! Or...a million, Norris, in a Swiss bank account! How about that? A million dollars!

NORRIS

(his voice is dead)

I don't think so.

CRESSNER

Two million!

NORRIS

No...but I'll tell you what...I'll make you a bet.

193. INT PENTHOUSE HALL THE CAT - NIGHT

193.

It hurries down to the elevator, glances at it, then goes on, as if it knows what a closed elevator is, and how useless it is to a cat. Beyond it the fire door is still open and the cat runs through it.

194. INT THE PENHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CRESSNER & NORRIS 194.  
- NIGHT

Norris turns his head and looks toward the glass balcony door. A ghastly sort of grin comes to his face.

NORRIS

Not a wager, because I'm not a big fancy hood like you--only a broken-down tennis bum with a dead girl-friend. Just a plain old bet.

Now Cressner also turns and looks toward the balcony. And realization dawns on his face.

CRESSNER

You don't understand! I'm...  
I'm afraid of heights!

NORRIS

Well that's too bad. You really feel you can't do it?

CRESSNER

No...heights...heights always make me...

Norris levels the gun at him and pulls back the hammer.

NORRIS

Then I'll spare you the stress.

CRESSNER

(screaming, cringing)  
No! I'll go! I'll go.

Norris motions toward the balcony with the gun. After a moment, Cressner goes.

195. EXT THE SERVICE STAIRWELL - CAT - NIGHT 195.

It's going down the fire stairs past another door; the number 16 is stenciled on this one. It is also chocked open with a similar sign on it, indicating that some sort of deliveries are to be made. But the Cat doesn't use the door; it simply continues on down.

196. EXT THE LEDGE - CRESSNER - NIGHT 196.

He's about halfway down the first side and hugging it, both arms out. The WIND GUSTS. His expensive robe flaps.

CONTINUED



196. CONTINUED

196.

CRESSNER  
(blubbering)

Five million! Please!

197. EXT THE BALCONY - NORRIS - NIGHT

197.

He points the gun and pulls the trigger. Phut!

198. EXT CRESSNER ON THE LEDGE - NIGHT

198.

The bullet chips away a chunk of the ledge at his feet. He jerks--totters--almost falls--then leans against the building again, sobbing.

199. EXT THE LEDGE RAILING - NORRIS - NIGHT

199.

NORRIS  
Just keeping you on your toes.

200. EXT THE LEDGE - CRESSNER - NIGHT

200.

Cressner is now sobbing with terror.

201. EXT THE BALCONY - NORRIS - NIGHT

201.

NORRIS  
Keep moving. The next one might  
be a lot closer.

202. EXT A DELIVERY DOOR AT THE BASE OF THE BUILDING -  
NIGHT

202.

On the outside is painted DELIVERIES ONLY. The Cat comes out, pauses, then begins to move around the base of the building.

203. EXT THE SECOND SIDE OF WESTLAKE TOWERS - CAT - NIGHT 203.

This is the side where Norris's "Vette is parked; there's also that klaxon horn. The Cat approaches the horn and sniffs at it delicately.

204. EXT THE LEDGE ON THE SECOND SIDE - NIGHT

204.

In the f.g. we see the corner. A hand--Cressner's--curls around it. After a moment he negotiates the corner. His robe flutters behind him, the lights of Atlantic City blink on and off below him. He begins to edge along--and then jerks. Looks down.

205. EXT THE LEDGE - YASSER ARAFAT, THE PIGEON - NIGHT

205.

It has just pecked Cressner. Now it pecks his ankle again.

206. EXT THE LEDGE - CRESSNER - NIGHT 206.  
He jerks again, at the edge of balance.  
CRESSNER  
Get away, damn you!
207. EXT THE LEDGE - THE PIGEON AND CRESSNER'S ANKLE - NIGHT 207.  
It pecks again.
208. EXT THE LEDGE - CRESSNER - NIGHT 208.  
He kicks at it...and loses his balance. Out he goes,  
like a guy doing a back-flip off the board at the  
Y-pool, only when they go off the board at the Y-pool,  
they usually don't scream like that.
209. EXT WESTLAKE TOWERS - CAT - NIGHT 209.  
It's still sniffing at the klaxon horn.  
SOUND: Cressner's scream, approaching.  
The Cat runs under Norris's car. At the very next second.  
SOUND: AAAAOOOOOGAH!  
Blood splashes the 'Vette.
210. EXT TOWERS - THE CAT, UNDER THE CAR CU - NIGHT 210.  
Cressner's blood has streaked the fur of its face into  
crazed warpaint. It meows showing its small needle  
teeth.  
We hold on this and SOUND BLEEDS IN: THE BLARING HORN  
OF A DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE. AS THE SOUND GROWS WE  
DISSOLVE TO:
211. EXT TRAIN TRACKS - DAY 211.  
Desolate countryside surrounds the tracks. It's the  
Jersey Pine Barrens.  
A freight train begins to lumber by. THE CAMERA SWINGS TO  
FOLLOW the locomotive and picks up a sign; NEW JERSEY  
RAILROAD.
212. EXT AN OPEN BOXCAR - DAY 212.  
Sitting in the open doorway is a small feline hobo:  
Our Cat.

DISSOLVE TO:

213. EXT AERIAL SHOT OF TRAIN TRACKS - DAY 213.

We're now looking down on a blasted area of warehouses and petrochemical refineries. We pick up the freight train The Cat's riding on...and then THE CAMERA SWINGS UP and we see the unmistakable skyline profile of New York City some distance away.

214. EXT THE LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY 214.

THE CAMERA moves with the traffic--and here we see The Cat and it's right where it should be, on the catwalk, of course.

215. EXT 10TH AVENUE LINCOLN TUNNEL EGRESS - DAY 215.

Out steps our Cat looking cool, calm, and collected--just as it it went through busy tunnels on foot every day.

216. EXT/INT STORE WINDOW-THE GIRL CU - DAY 216

We are looking at her through glass--we can see busy people passing back and forth on a city street in the b.g.

She's our girl. In this incarnation she looks--well, she looks remarkably like Drew Barrymore. We've not seen the girl in this incarnation before, but we will, eventually; this little girl is AMANDA. The final little girl, one might say.

Only she's completely still, her eyes blank and far away. We know why immediately, of course; she's not alive. This little girl is a mannequin in a department store window.

THE CAMERA DRAWS BAC, showing us a family tableau. The girl-manniquen is standing with a Dad-mannequin (HUGH from the final incident) and a Mom-mannequin (SALLY-ANN). The GIRL is wearing a blue cardigan and a cute skirt. She has school books in one plaster hand. Drifts of autumn leaves at her feet.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO DRAW BACK, and now we see the sign in the front of the window--SWING INTO SCHOOL!

217. EXT STORE WINDOW - THE CAT CU - DAY 217.

It's staring into the window, paws up on the glass, as it stared at the TV commercial in Atlantic City. It's green eyes are big and grave.

218. EXT/INT STORE WINDOW - THE GIRL MANNEQUIN CAT'S POV 218.  
DAY

It slowly turns its waxy face toward The Cat.

GIRL

It's found her again. In Westport!

219. EXT STORE WINDOW - THE CAT CU - DAY 219.

Staring intently into the store window. THE CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the street behind The Cat, to where a small white station wagon has just pulled up. The Quitters, Inc. logo is on the driver's side door-- a cigarette in a red circle with a line drawn through it. JUNK, a powerful-looking man with a rather brutal face, is driving. He gets out and approaches The Cat, carrying a pet cage big enough for...oh, for a cat, let's say.

220. EXT/INT THE STORE WINDOW CAT'S POV - DAY 220.

The leaves around the mannequin's feet have been replaced with small bells--the sort of bells we saw in Wilmington.

GIRL

Help her! You've got to help her!

The Girl's face starts to crack apart. Blood beads through.

221. EXT STORE WINDOW - CAT CU - DAY 221.

Its eyes widen. If cats can look alarmed, this one does. Suddenly, gloved hands grab it.

222. EXT STORE WINDOW - CAT - JUNK - DAY 222.

The Cat struggles, but it's no go, Joe. In only a second or two, Junk has got it in the pet carrier. The Cat meows and claws at the wire door.

JUNK

No good, kitty--but you saved me a trip to the pound.

Looks into the window curiously.

JUNK

What was you so excited about, anyway?

223. EXT/INT STORE WINDOW - THE MANNEQUIN DISPLAY  
JUNK'S POV - DAY

223.

The tableau is the same--Dad-dummy, Mom-dummy, and daughter-dummy ready to send the daughter off to school--but it's leaves instead of bells again. More important, the mannequins don't look anything at all like they did before...these are strangers.

224. EXT STORE WINDOW - JUNK - DAY

224.

He shrugs, as if to say, "What am I? A cat psychologist?" and goes back to his little wagon. He puts the cat carrier on the seat, gets in, and drives away.

225. EXT IN FRONT OF A SKYSCRAPER - DAY

225.

The white wagon slides into a parking space in front of the building. Junk gets out with his cat carrier and goes inside.

A few moments later and a second car pulls up behind it, this one a sedan.

226. INT THE SEDAN - DAY

226.

JIMMY MCCANN is driving. He's about forty. He looks fit and prosperous. DICK MORRISON is in the passenger seat. He looks prosperous but not very fit. He's smoking a cigarette.

MCCANN

Well, this is the place.

MORRISON

I don't know about this, Jimmy.

McCann reaches over and gently plucks the cigarette from Morrison's fingers.

MCCANN

You said you wanted to quit these.

MORRISON

Yeah, but I'd like to know what they--

MCCANN

Go on, Dicky. Before you loose your guts.

McCann tosses the cigarette out his window. Morrison doesn't move for a second or two, then he opens the passenger door.

Morrison

Come on up with me, at least.

226. CONTINUED

226.

MCCANN  
(shaking his head)  
Doesn't work that way. Against  
the rules.

MORRISON  
(irritable)  
Is this a quit smoking clinic  
or the CIA?

But McCann says nothing. Morrison pauses a moment  
longer, then gets out and shuts the passenger door.

MCCANN  
This is going to turn your life  
around, Dick. I guarantee it.

MORRISON  
That's what Jimmy Jones said  
when he was mixing the Kool-aid.

But he starts into the building, looking sort of like  
a condemned man.

227. INT SEDAN - MCCANN IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT - DAY 227.

His expression is a bit perplexing, under the circum-  
stances--he looks concerned, sympathetic, and quite  
worried. Then he drops the transmission into Drive  
and pulls away.

228. INT QUITTERS INC. BUILDING - ELEVATOR DOORS - DAY 228.

They open and Morrison gets out. He looks right, then  
left--he sees what he wants and starts down the hall as  
the elevator doors close.

229. INT THE HALLWAY WITH MORRISON (REVERSE) - DAY 229.

He's headed toward a pair of glass doors giving on a  
plushy lobby. Written on the doors, in gold, are the  
words QUITTERS, INC. The logo we've already seen is  
below. Morrison pauses for a moment, then goes into  
the lobby.

THE CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE HALLWAY and watches Morrison  
through the closed doors. He's speaking to a  
receptionist. who is handsomely dressed and coiffed.  
She smiles, nods, and hands him a form.

Morrison takes it and sits down.

230. INT RECEPTION AREA - THE FORM CU - DAY 230.
- The sort of form you'd get in a doctor's office or a clinic. Morrison's hand comes into the frame and begins filling it out.
231. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON - DAY 231.
- As he writes, he takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and sticks one in his mouth. He takes out his lighter, then looks up.
232. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON'S POV - DAY 232.
- The only other person here is a balding Mr. Milquetoast sort who looks very nervous. But of course it isn't people Morrison is looking for; Morrison is looking for an ashtray. He sees expensive Danish Modern furniture, good paintings on the walls, two coffee tables with magazines on them. Magazines, but no ashtrays.
- The Receptionist is bent over some papers, absorbed.
233. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON - DAY 233.
- He's stymied, and a little irritated. He looks up at:
234. INT RECEPTION ROOM - THE FAR WALL MORRISON'S POV - DAY 234.
- Two anti-smoking posters in expensive frames. One shows an old man, obviously a wino, with a cigarette sticking out of his collapsed mouth. SMOKING IS VERY GLAMOROUS, the caption reads. The second shows a men's room floor with a litter of butts stomped into the tile under a urinal. SMOKING IS VERY SOPHISTICATED, reads the caption.
235. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON - DAY 235.
- Oh--so it's that way. He takes the cigarette from his mouth, looks at it, puts it back in the pack and puts the pack away. He looks toward:
236. INT RECEPTION ROOM - CLOCK ON THE WALL - DAY 236.
- It reads 2:40 P.M.
237. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON - DAY 237.
- He looks down at the form and begins filling it in again.

238. INT RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

238.

The clock on the wall now reads 3:15 PM. A door on the far side of the room opens. A WOMAN comes slowly out. She looks as if she is in deep shock. Her face is pale. Tears are drying on her cheeks. Her eyes stare straight ahead. She holds her purse up to her bosom like a shield.

Mr. Milquetoast rushes to her.

MR. MILQUETOAST  
Honey, are you--

No response. Her eyes don't even move to him. She just keeps moving slowly toward the outer door like a shell-shocked soldier leaving Vimy Ridge in 1917.

Mr. Milquetoast looks around guiltily at Morrison.

MR. MILQUETOAST  
She's been smoking a long time.  
Since she was sixteen. It's been...  
hard.

Morrison nods, clearly baffled--and more than a little uneasy. Mr. Milquetoast sees his wife out the door.

During all of this the Receptionist hasn't even looked up.

Morrison gets up and goes over to her.

MORRISON  
What was all that abou--

DONATTI (V.O)

Morrison swings around and sees:

239. INT RECEPTION ROOM - DONATTI MORRISON'S POV - DAY 239.

He's standing in the doorway Mrs. Milquetoast came out of. He wears a plain black suit. He looks both elegant and rather dangerous.

DONATTI  
(with a smile we don't trust)  
Sorry to keep you waiting.

240. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON AT DESK - DAY

240.

MORRISON  
That's...that's all right.

He starts across the room toward Donatti, then looks out through the glass doors and sees.



241. INT HALLWAY - MR AND MRS MILQUETOAST BY ELEVATOR - DAY 241.

She has broken down and is weeping hysterically in his arms.

242. INT RECEPTION ROOM - MORRISON - DAY 242.

He is more uneasy than ever. But suddenly Donatti is there, pumping his hand, pulling his attention away from the scene in the hall.

DONATTI

Step right this way, Mr. Morrison--  
we are going to change your life.

MORRISON

(uneasily)

For the better, I hope.

Donatti laughs ferociously and leads him toward the door he just came out of.

243. INT DONATTI' S OFFICE - DAY 243.

Donatti closes the door behind him and Morrison. This is an austere room with soundproofed walls. On the far side of the desk is what appears to be a rectangular window covered by a short draw curtain.

In front of the desk is a plain wooden chair--the interviewee's chair, apparently. Donatti pats it as he goes around the desk and sits down.

DONATTI

Please, Mr. Morrison!

After a moment, Morrison sits down in the indicated chair.

They look at each other for a long moment without speaking. Donatti's stare is fixed piercing, and a little unsettling. Morrison bears it for a bit, then shifts uncomfortably.

DONATTI

I see you have a daughter who's ten.

MORRISON

Alicia.

DONATTI

You left the space for her school  
blank.

243. CONTINUED

243.

MORRISON

(tight)

Where my daughter goes to school has nothing to do with whether or not your organization can help me quit smoking, Mr. Donatti--now are we going to get down to it or not?

DONATTI

Of course. In fact, we have already started.."getting down to it."

MORRISON

(blankly)

I beg your pardon?

DONATTI

Do you have cigarettes with you?

MORRISON

(smiling)

Does a bear shit in the woods?

DONATTI

(smiling back)

May I have them, please?

Morrison debates for a moment, then takes his smokes out of his pocket. He hands them to Donatti. Donatti holds the pack on his palm for a moment, and then jerks his open hand into a closed fist in one quick jerk.

Morrison reacts with strong surprise..and some actual fear, I think. The reason for Morrison's fear is obvious. Under the professional surface--and not very far under, either--is the real Donatti. And the real Donatti looks like a dangerous psycho. He opens his hand, drops the crumpled pack of ciggies onto his desk blotter, and then starts to hammer on it with his fist. Tobacco flies. The pack of cigarettes is rapidly starting to look like something that went through a nuclear-powered Cuisinart. Donatti never takes his eyes off Morrison.

At last he stops.

244. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - DONATTI AND MORRISON TWO SHOT DAY 244.

Donatti tosses the package of cigarettes into his wastebasket. He sweeps the crumbs of tobacco off his desk into his hand and dumps them into the wastebasket.

244. CONTINUED

244.

Then he sits back and smiles at Morrison.

DONATTI

Our methods here at Quitters, Inc. are...rather radical, Mr. Morrison.

MORRISON

As a treatment, it sucks, good buddy--there's a newsstand down in the lobby, and they sell all brands.

DONATTI

Availability's only part of the problem! The fall-back rate for reformed smokers is higher than the fall-back rate for heroin addicts! Let me tell you, Mr. Morrison, what we got here is a real problem!

MORRISON

You can spare me the Readers Digest lecture, my friend. I've changed my mind.

Morrison gets up and goes to the door. Donatti looks at him, amused and not in the least upset.

245. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - MORRISON - DAY

245.

He reaches the door and grabs the knob...but instead of turning, his hand simply slips around the knob.

Morrison is outraged.

MORRISON

Open this door.

246. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - DONATTI BEHIND DESK - DAY

246.

DONATTI

It's a hell of a problem, all right, but we here at Quitters, Inc. have developed a hell of a solution.

247. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - MORRISON AT DOOR - DAY

247.

MORRISON

If you don't open up right now, you're going to have a hell of a problem with my lawyer.

248. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - DONATTI - DAY 248.

DONATTI  
Relax, Mr. Morrison. Here's something  
that may interest you.

249. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - MORRISON - DAY 249.

He folds his arms and leans back against the door.  
He's white-lipped with anger.

250. INT THE DRAPES AT THE BACK OF MORRISON'S OFFICE - 250.  
DAY

Donatti's hand enters the frame and brushes the curtains  
back. We see a nice room furnished in the French Provin-  
cial style..with one glaring exception. The floor is  
metal, and crisscrossed with some sort of gridwork.

On the floor is The Cat eating food (Chow-Time, I bet--  
this CAT'S mostest, mostest favorite) from a dish that  
looks out of place in the surroundings.

DONATTI  
Watch closely, Mr. Morrison.  
Nothing up either sleeve, and  
you'll notice that at no time  
does my hand leave my wrist.

251. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - MORRISON AT DOOR - DAY 251.

He says nothing, but it's obvious he's still angry  
and scared.

252. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - DONATTI - DAY 252.

There is a control panel with two toggle-switches on it  
set into the side of the window-frame. Donatti pushes  
one of them up. Faintly, we hear the SOUND of the  
Eisley Brothers singing "Twist and Shout."

253. INT THE "JUICE ROOM" - DAY 253.

In here, the MUSIC is MUCH LOUDER, THE CAT's ears go up  
and it zips away from its dish.

254. INT DONATTI LOOKING INTO THE "JUICE ROOM" - DAY 254.

DONATTI  
The music is part of his conditioning.

255. INT MORRISON BY THE DOOR - DAY 255.

Morrison is interested and concerned in spite of  
himself.

256. INT DONATTI AT THE "RABBIT ROOM" WINDOW - DAY 256.

DONATTI  
(cheerily)  
Boogie Down!

Donatti flicks the other toggle-switch. The Cat begins to leap wildly, each leap taking it high off the floor.

257. INT THE "JUICE ROOM" - DAY 257.

Under the ROCK MUSIC, we can hear ANOTHER SOUND: The crackle of electricity. Each time The Cat touches down, sparks squirt out from under its paws.

What's going on here is horrible, surreal--but it's also rather funny, in an admittedly sadistic way: The Cat looks like it is dancing to "Twist and Shout".

258. INT AT THE "JUICE ROOM" WINDOW - MORRISON - DAY 258.

He springs forward and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

MORRISON  
Stop it! Stop it, you're killing him!

He grapples with Donatti. Although Donatti is 10-20 years older than Morrison, he deals with him quickly-- gets him in a judo hold and hips him across the room and into one of the walls. Morrison rattles to the floor, dazed and shocked. Donatti takes a moment to smooth his hair with his palms, then turns off both switches.

DONATTI  
Kill the nice kitty? No, sir! He's fine.  
A little crispy around the paws,  
maybe, but otherwise fine.

He smiles, and we see he likes doing this.

259. INT THE "JUICE ROOM" - DAY 259.

The Cat is in the corner, staring balefully at THE CAMERA. Its fur is still bushed out from the electricity it's taken.

MORRISON  
Barbecue all the cats you want,  
but if you don't let me out of  
here in the next fifteen seconds,  
I'll have the cops on you before you  
can say Marlboro Man.

259. CONTINUED

259.

But he speaks without much force. When Donatti leads him around to his chair, Morrison allows himself to be led. He has been thoroughly and professionally intimidated. Donatti has been through all of this dozens of times--perhaps hundreds--and he knows how Morrison feels. His words are all the more chilling because of their soothing quality.

DONATTI

As you wish, but I think you'll change your mind when you see the big picture. You see the picture of our founder there? He made a fortune in several family businesses, slot machines, massage parlors, numbers, etc. Unfortunately he was a heavy smoker in the 3 pack a day range. Before he died of lung cancer he endowed Quitters Inc. with family funds. Of course, it's a great tax angle but we're mainly interested in helping our fellow man. Mr. Morrison we realized early on that when you give smokeaholics free choice in the matter, most of them start smoking again. So we take away that free choice. During the first month, our operatives will have you under constant supervision. You'll be able to spot some of them some of the time, and all of them some of the time...but believe me, Mr. Morrison: you'll never be able to spot all of them all of the time. If you smoke, they'll see you.

MORRISON

(weak bravado)

And bring me down here and stick me in the Cat room, I suppose.

DONATTI

Oh no Mr. Morrison.

(pause)

They bring your wife down here and stick her in the Cat room.

(pause)

You get to watch.

260. INT MORRISON LIVING ROOM - TV SCREEN CU - DAY

260.

The movie showing is The Dead Zone.

WEIZAK

(on the TV)

I would have no choice. I would have to kill the son of a bitch.

261. INT MORRISON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

261.

Dick and CINDY Morrison are watching a tape. Cindy is knitting. Morrison is deep in his chair, a drink balanced on his chest. He's still stunned.

MORRISON

(muttering)

Kill the son of a bitch. Good idea.  
Good idea.

He goes to his shirt pocket--the almost unconscious gesture of the long-time smoker--but there's nothing there. The pocket's flat.

CINDY

What dear?

MORRISON

Nothing.

He looks toward:

262. INT MORRISON LIVING ROOM - THE MANTEL - NIGHT

262.

There is a picture there of a girl--our Girl--smiling and holding a teddy bear. She is a bit old for the bear, and there is something oddly vacant in her face.

263. INT LIVING ROOM WITH MORRISON AND CINDY - NIGHT

263.

She's concentrating on her knitting. He's concentrating on some very unpleasant memories.

264. INT LIVING ROOM - MORRISON CU - NIGHT

264.

Blue TV light plays across his face.

265. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE WITH DONATTI AND MORRISON -  
NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

265.

MORRISON

I don't believe this is happening.

DONATTI

Oh, it's happening, Mr. Morrison.

He leans slowly closer to THE CAMERA as he speaks.

DONATTI

First offense and your wife gets the juice. Not a lot, but enough to hurt. Next time, we'll bring your daughter Alicia here. Imagine, Mr. Morrison. Imagine your daughter in there instead of the Cat. A third offense and I'm afraid we'd also have to send a man out to rape your wife. There's a

265. CONTINUED

265.

rather disturbed individual we keep around for just such distasteful jobs. In the meantime, content yourself with knowing that less than two per cent of our clients fall from grace a fourth time.

MORRISON

If they do?

DONATTI

Then we give up, Mr. Morrison.

Donatti opens his coat. There's a .45 in a shoulder holster under his arm. Donatti pulls the gun and holds it in his hand, smiling.

266. INT LIVING ROOM - MORRISON - NIGHT

266.

He sits up so suddenly that he spills his drink all over his shirt.

267. INT LIVING ROOM - MORRISON AND CINDY A WIDER SHOT - NIGHT

267.

CINDY

What's wrong?

MORRISON

(grumpy)

I spilled my drink.

CINDY

Well, I'm sorry, Dick--but as long as you keep using your left tit for a coaster, that's going to happen.

He puts the glass aside, gets up, goes over to the T.V., and shuts off first the VCR and then the T.V.

MORRISON

And I don't have the slightest idea what's going on in that damned movie!

He stomps back, picks up his glass, and stomps out to the kitchen.

268. INT MORRISON'S KITCHEN WITH MORRISON - NIGHT

268.

Cindy comes to the doorway and leans in it.

CINDY

Dick, what's wrong?

CONTINUED



MORRISON

Hmmm?

CINDY

You're like a bear tonight--what is it?

MORRISON

Nothing.

He picks up his drink and drains it.

MORRISON

Everything. I'm quitting smoking.

Cindy looks momentarily surprised, then laughs.

CINDY

Since when? Five minutes ago?

MORRISON

Since quarter of three this afternoon.

CINDY

You haven't had a cigarette in eight hours?

MORRISON

(looks at his watch)

Eight hours and twenty-three minutes.

She crosses the room and hugs him.

CINDY

What in the world made you decide to quit?

MORRISON

I'm doing it for you. And 'Licia.

She kisses him, then looks him in the face, smiling.

CINDY

That's the sweetest thing I ever heard. Even if you don't make it, we both thank you.

Morrison's face is bleak, grim.

MORRISON

Oh, I think I'll make it.

269. INT A DIGITAL CLOCK CU - NIGHT

269.

It reads 3:15 AM

SOUNDS: Morrison, tossing and turning. And outside:  
FALLING RAIN.

270. INT THE MORRISONS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

270.

Cindy is sleeping soundly. Morrison rolls around helplessly. Finally he gets up and crosses the room.

271. INT A CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

271.

The door opens. A hand--Morrison's--enters the frame and pulls a chain, turning on the light. In its glow we see suits, sport coats, slack. Very much a "his" closet.

272. INT MORRISON AT THE CLOSET - NIGHT

272.

The closet is in the hall, just outside the master bedroom. There's an intent look on Morrison's face. What we got here, folks, is a junkie who needs a fix. He starts going through the sport coat and suitcoat pockets. He finds matches...ticket stubs...but no cigarettes.

MORRISON

(whispers)

Shit-on-toast!

He shuts the closet door. For a moment he stands thinking and then he heads down the hall.

273. INT MORRISON'S STUDY - NIGHT

273.

SOUND FROM OUTSIDE: RAIN

At first we can see nothing at all. Then the door opens. Morrison steps in and turns on a light. This is a pleasant, masculine room with an old-fashioned desk in the middle. There's a closet door on the far side.

Morrison crosses to the desk.

274. INT STUDY - MORRISON AT THE DESK - NIGHT

274.

He rummages wildly through the drawers, pushing aside papers, pens, paper clips. Top drawer--nope. Second drawer--nope. Third and last drawer--no dice. He starts to close it...then bends down to look into the very back.

274. CONTINUED

274.

MORRISON  
(prayerfully)  
Be there, baby!

He pulls out a battered, deflated pack of cigarettes, and tears off the entire top. He peeks in--slowly. He's like a poker-player who's bet everything on one final card.

275. INT STUDY - THE PACK OF CIGARETTES CU (MORRISON'S POV) 275.  
NIGHT

One cigarette!

276. INT STUDY - MORRISON - NIGHT 276.

Sublime joy. He draws the cigarette out with reverence. It's bent and probably stale, but whole. He draws it back and forth under his nose, looking like a wine connoisseur smelling the first glass of a fine old bottle.

He sticks it in his mouth and jerks open the top drawer of his desk. Amid the litter is a book of matches. He grabs them and tears one out. He strikes it and the match splurts into flame.

SOUND: It might have been a muffled footfall. Hard to tell for sure.

Morrison, still holding the flaming match, looks sharply toward:

277. INT CLOSET DOOR ON OTHER SIDE OF ROOM - MORRISON'S POV 277.  
- NIGHT

278. INT STUDY - MORRISON AT THE DESK - NIGHT 278.

He shakes out the match and drops it in an ashtray on his desk. He crosses to the closet door very slowly. He pauses, nerving himself up...and jerks it open.

A golf-bag falls out, startling him--hopefully it will startle us, as well. Morrison catches it before it can fall to the floor with a clatter that would perhaps wake up his wife and then he just stands there, catching his breath. After a moment, he peers into the closet.

279. INT STUDY - THE CLOSET MORRISON'S POV - NIGHT 279.

A real jumble. There's more sports equipment (tennis and golf mostly), boxes of papers, umbrellas stuffed into a stand, and several overcoats. Near the back is a pair

CONTINUED

279. CONTINUED

279.

of galoshes.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE GALOSHES.

There are droplets of rainwater on them. Are there feet in them? The hell of it is, we can't quite tell.

280. INT STUDY - MORRISON REVERSE - NIGHT

280.

MORRISON  
(freaked out)  
Is someone in there?

281. INT CLOSET - THE GALOSHES - NIGHT

281.

They aren't telling...but those droplets of rain are awfully suggestive.

282. INT STUDY - MORRISON IN THE CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT

282.

He suddenly realizes that the cigarette is still dangling out of his mouth. He pulls it out and stares at it with horror.

MORRISON  
(low)  
I didn't smoke it. If you're in there, tell Donatti I didn't smoke it.

283. INT CLOSET - THE GALOSHES - NIGHT

283.

Just standing there, way back in the shadows. Maybe inhabited by no more than Morrison's own guilty conscience. Maybe.

284. INT STUDY - MORRISON REVERSE - NIGHT

284.

He breaks the cigarette in two and drops it on the floor.

MORRISON  
I didn't smoke it!

He closes the closet door.

285. INT STUDY - MORRISON - NIGHT

285.

He quickly crosses the room and turns out the light.

SOUND: THUNDER, LOUD.

Morrison jumps, looks back toward the closet, then leaves the room, shutting the door.

286. INT STUDY LOOKING TOWARD THE CLOSET DOOR - NIGHT 286.  
SOUND: Rain.

287. EXT MORRISON'S HOUSE - MORNING 287.  
A lovely suburban two-story. The rain is over; the sun is out.  
SOUND: Frying eggs.

288. INT THE KITCHEN - CINDY - MORNING 288.  
She's at the stove, cooking.

CINDY  
(calls)  
Want bacon?

MORRISON (VO)  
Sure!

289. INT MORRISON'S - STAIRS - MORRISON - MORNING 289.  
He comes down, dressed for work in a suit and tie. He gets to the hall, starts down toward the kitchen..then looks at the study door. He goes in.

290. INT STUDY - MORRISON - MORNING 290.  
He crosses to the closet door...pauses...opens it... looks in.

291. INT THE CLOSET MORRISON'S POV - MORNING 291.  
The galoshes are gone. There are faint muddy tracks where they were.

292. INT STUDY - MORRISON - MORNING 292.  
MORRISON  
(low)  
Jesus!

He sees the pieces of cigarette on the floor and picks them up. He closes the closet door.

293. INT STUDY - MORRISON - MORNING 293.  
He's staring at the pieces of cigarette as though they were pieces of an extremely poisonous snake that almost bit him before he killed it.

MORRISON  
(low)  
Talk about aversion therapy! Jesus!

293. CONTINUED

293.

CINDY  
(calls)  
Breakfast's ready!

Morrison starts.

MORRISON  
(calls)  
Coming!

He crosses the room and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS. He tosses the pieces of cigarette into the wastebasket by his desk on the way by.

THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE PIECES for a moment, and then we

DISSOLVE TO:

294. EXT A LARGE RED BRICK BUILDING - DAY

294.

Pleasant, but definitely institutional. We see people walking slowly here and there on the large green lawns, some in the company of nurses or white-coated orderlies, most with "just regular folks." It's Visitors Day at the Wrexford School.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A SIGN:

WREXFORD SCHOOL FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL  
WREXFORD, ILLINOIS

295. EXT WREXFORD SCHOOL LAWN - DAY

295.

In this closer shot of some of the inmates, we see that "exceptional" on the sign is a euphemism for "retarded."

Here's Morrison, walking with his ten-year-old daughter, the girl in the picture. Her hair is sandy brown; she wears thick glasses; her skin is pasty white. She is quite severely retarded, but we can tell by the way she looks at Morrison that she loves him deeply and completely.

With his daughter, who is of course another version of our GIRL, Morrison is gentler, kinder. As a result of his time with his daughter, we should come to like this man quite a bit more.

MORRISON  
I brought you something, hon.

ALICIA  
Wha oo bring "Licia, daddy?

They reach the parking lot and cross to Morrison's car.

295. CONTINUED

295.

MORRISON

You'll see. Close your eyes.

296. EXT ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT - DONATTI - DAY 296.

He stands watching, and perhaps we like him better, too-at least, for awhile. He's watching Morrison and Alicia with an expression of deep sympathy in his eyes.

297. EXT PARKING LOT - MORRISON AND ALICIA - CLOSER SHOT - DAY 297.

She closes her eyes, looking expectant. Morrison leans into the car and comes out with a Cabbage Patch doll. He puts it into her hands.

MORRISON

(gently)

You can open your eyes now.

She opens them and looks down. At first her expression is the dull vacuousness of the mentally retarded--then she realizes, and her face fills up with joy. She reaches up and hugs her father. Morrison picks her up and she flings her arms extravagantly around his neck.

298. EXT PARKING LOT - ALICIA CU - DAY

298.

ALICIA

(joyous)

Thank ooo,daddy! Thank ooo, daddy!  
Thank ooo,daddy!

299. EXT PARKING LOT - MORRISON CU - DAY

299.

He is crying with his eyes shut.

MORRISON

Sure. Glad you like it.

He hugs her tightly.

MORRISON

I love you, Alicia.

300. EXT PARKING LOT - MORRISON AND ALICIA TWO-SHOT - DAY 300.

He puts her down, gets a handkerchief from his pocket, and wipes the tears off his face. Alicia, entranced with the doll, doesn't notice. There's a name-tag on the doll's arm. Alicia looks at it, then up at Morrison.

CONTINUED

300. CONTINUED

300.

ALICIA  
What-her name, daddy?

MORRISON  
Well...let's see.

He bends over and reads the tag.

MORRISON  
It says Norma Jean.

ALICIA  
Orma...Jean.  
(hugs the doll and grins)  
I LOVE ORMA-JEAN!!!

MORRISON  
That's good, honey...I'm glad.

SOUND: A bell begins to ring.

301. EXT THE FRONT STEPS OF THE WREXFORD SCHOOL - DAY 301.

A NURSE is standing there, ringing a hand-bell.

302. EXT PARKING LOT - MORRISON AND ALICIA - DAY 302.

MORRISON  
I'll walk you back, hon.

She cradles the doll against her chest with one hand.  
The other she gives to Morrison. They walk off.

303. EXT PARKING LOT - MORRISON'S CAR SOME TIME LATER - DAY 303.

He approaches it. Donatti is standing there.

DONATTI  
You love her a lot, don't you?

MORRISON  
One of your men was in my closet  
last night.

DONATTI  
(smiles)  
Really? Well, it's possible, I suppose.  
Constant supervision during the  
first month is what we promise, Mr.  
Morrison, and constant supervision  
is just what the client gets.

CONTINUED



303. CONTINUED

303.

Morrison brushes past him and opens the driver's door of the car.

MORRISON

You son of a bitch!

DONATTI

Yes. Correct. I am a son of a bitch. It takes a son of a bitch to beat the habit, my friend. People who are unable to turn into sons of bitches on their own behalf--at least for awhile, and in a good cause--come to us. And we give them what they need. Believe me, we do.

Morrison slams the car door and looks out the window at Donatti.

MORRISON

Well, I didn't smoke. I don't know what your guys told you, but--

DONATTI

Oh, I know you didn't. If you had lit the cigarette you had in your mouth, you wouldn't be here right now. You'd be in my office watching your wife hop around in that little room...you love your kid, you love your wife. Unfashionable these days, but useful.

(pause)

I think you'll make it, Mr. Morrison.

(pause)

We'll be watching you.

He starts back toward his own car.

304. EXT PARKING LOT - MORRISON'S CAR - DAY

304.

He roars out of the parking lot, barely missing the rear ends of several cars.

305. EXT PARKING LOT - DONATTI - DAY

305.

Donatti stands by his own car, looking after Morrison. The expression on his face is clearly sympathetic.

MUSIC, UP: The Police singing "Every Breath You Take."

CONTINUED

305. CONTINUED

305.

SOUNDS, BLEEDING IN: Cocktail party chatter, clinking glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

306. EXT A SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

306.

There are lots of cars parked in the driveway and up and down the curb. A cocktail party is in full cry.

Music, LOUDER: "Every step you take/I'll be watching you." Fitting enough.

307. INT LIVING ROOM - COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

307.

Wall-to-wall bodies. Everyone is talking, drinking, making time...and, of course, smoking. Two kids, a BOY of about nine and a GIRL of about six, are circling with trays of hot hors d'oeuvres.

THE CAMERA PICKS UP Cindy, talking to an <sup>ELDERLY GENT.</sup> elderly gent. She's looking delicious in a cocktail gown with spaghetti straps and a lot of décolletage. The gent keeps peering down there as though he might have lost something between CINDY'S breasts--a cufflink, perhaps. Or maybe his heart.

THE CAMERA PICKS UP Morrison, who is talking to a DRUNK BUSINESSMAN. The Drunk Businessman has a large whiskey in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He keeps waving the butt under Morrison's nose.

308. INT THE PARTY - MORRISON AND DRUNK BUSINESSMAN  
TWO SHOT - NIGHT

308.

DRUNK BUSINESSMAN

So when the stock went down the toilet, he called and asked how an asshole like me could stay in the business. I said it wasn't easy, but with assholes like him around, I got by. Not bad, huh?

MORRISON

Not bad.

But he's not really interested. His eyes wander to:

309. INT THE PARTY - A COFFEE TABLE MORRISON'S POV 309.  
NIGHT

There's a cigarette box on it, filled with colorful Sobranie cocktail cigarettes. A young picks one out, puts it between her lips, and bends slightly forward to accept a light from her escort. She makes a big, sexy production out of the whole thing, and then blows out smoke with sensual enjoyment.

310. INT THE PARTY - MORRISON AND DRUNK BUSINESSMAN 310.  
- TWO SHOT - NIGHT

D. BUSINESSMAN

So he says, "What do you think the SEC is gonna say when they hear about this?" To which I reply, "Two thing."

Morrison's eye drift to:

311. INT THE PARTY A WIDE SHOT MORRISON'S POV - NIGHT 311.

Everything is pretty much as we first saw it. Maybe one person out of every four or five is smoking a cigarette.

D. BUSINESSMAN (VO)

"First, they're gonna say that--"

312. INT THE PARTY - MORRISON AND DRUNK BUSINESSMAN 312.  
- TWO SHOT - NIGHT

DRUNK BUSINESSMAN

(continues)

"they've heard it all before.  
And second--"

Morrison's looks at:

313. INT THE PARTY A WIDE SHOT MORRISON'S POV - NIGHT 313.

Now everyone, including Cindy, is smoking. The BARTENDER is smoking as he makes drinks. The Boy and Girl circling with the trays are smoking. Some people are smoking two cigarettes at once, and a good many have cigarettes for later tucked behind their ears.

314. INT THE PARTY - MORRISON AND DRUNK BUSINESSMAN 314.  
- TWO SHOT - NIGHT

DRUNK BUSINESSMAN

(continues)

"--they're gonna say that P.T. Barnum was right--there's a sucker born every minute...."

He notices Morrison isn't really with him.

314. CONTINUED

314.

He notices Morrison isn't really with him.

DRUNK BUSINESSMAN  
Earth to Dick, Earth to Dick  
Morrison, come in, Dick, do you  
read us?

MORRISON  
Sorry--I guess I'm just a little  
tired.

The D.B. drops the butt of his cigarette in the remains  
of someone's drink and hauls out his pack for a fresh  
hit. He offers the pack to Morrison.

MORRISON  
No thanks--I quit.

The DRUNK BUSINESSMAN looks momentarily startled, and  
then laughs.

D.B.  
(winks)  
Sure.

MORRISON  
It's been almost two weeks.

D.B.  
(lighting up)  
Two weeks, two months, two years.  
Doesn't matter. A big presentation  
comes along...a make-or-break meeting...  
a marathon sales conference...boom!  
You'll be right back on them.

MORRISON  
I don't think so.

The D.B. waggles the pack enticingly under Morrison's  
nose.

315. INT THE PARTY - DRUNK BUSINESSMAN MORRISON'S POV -  
NIGHT

315.

He has about ten cigarettes in his mouth, all burning.  
There's a lit cigarette poking out of each nostril and  
one in each ear. In Morrison's imagination, the guy  
has become a Living Cigarette.

315. CONTINUED

315.

He's now wagging a gigantic carton of cigarettes in Morrison's face.

DRUNK BUSINESSMAN

The smoking lamp is LIT, Dicky!

316. INT THE PARTY - MORRISON AND DRUNK BUSINESSMAN  
TWO SHOT - NIGHT

316.

MORRISON

(smiling a little)

Why don't you jam it up your ass,  
Hal?

He moves around the D.B. and heads for Cindy, presumably before the elderly gent takes a header between her breasts. The D.B. stares first after Morrison, then at his cigarette.

DRUNK BUSINESSMAN

What? Lit?

317. EXT THE CHICAGO SKYWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

317.

It's clogged with rush-hour traffic and neon of it's moving--it's bumper-to-bumper just as far as we can see.

318. INT MORRISON IN HIS CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

318.

MORRISON

(resigned)

I'm gonna be here until I'm eighty.

He leans over and opens the glove compartment. There's a lot of junk and rick-rack in here, but mostly it's cassettes for the tape-player. He starts pawing through them and they all fall on the floor.

He leans over and down to pick them up...and is transfixed by something he sees inside the glove compartment.

319. INT MORRISON'S CAR - GLOVE COMPARTMENT MORRISON'S  
POV - LATE AFTERNOON

319.

There's a pack of cigarettes in there. They were under the tapes.

320. INT MORRISON'S CAR - MORRISON - LATE AFTERNOON 320.

He scrounges the tapes up off the floor and sticks them back into the glove compartment. He starts to close it, then reaches under the tapes and pulls out the butts. He holds them on his lap and looks to his left.

321. EXT CORVETTE ON THE LEFT MORRISON'S POV - LATE AFTERNOON 321.

There's a young couple using the traffic jam to make some beautiful memories--they are necking passionately.

322. INT MORRISON'S CAR - MORRISON - LATE AFTERNOON 322.

Glances right.

323. EXT TRUCK ON THE RIGHT MORRISON'S POV - LATE AFTERNOON 323.

An old pick-up. The grizzled farmer behind the wheel is fast asleep.

THE CAMERA SWINGS to look through the windshield. We see the back end of a family station wagon with a couple of kids having a pillow-fight in the cargo compartment.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP to the rear-view mirror. We can see only the grille of a semi.

324. INT MORRISON'S CAR - MORRISON - LATE AFTERNOON 324.

Smoker's Fever has come upon him with all the force of a malarial relapse. His eyes take on a sunken, furtive gleam. He punches in the dashboard lighter. He sits jiving nervously in his seat until it pops out.

He slides slowly down in his seat, puts a cigarette in his mouth, and pulls out the cigarette lighter. He holds it for an agonizing moment while he battles for self-control--and loses. He lights the cigarette and takes a deep draw as he sticks the lighter back in its socket. He coughs the smoke out, eyes watering. He takes another puff. Waves the smoke around his hand, trying to disperse it like a kid sneaking a butt in the john.

MORRISON

(coughing)

Tastes like dead horseshit.

Another puff.

325. EXT CHICAGO SKYWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 325.

Traffic begins to move.

326. INT CAR - DICK MORRISON THE HUMAN SUBMARINE - 326.  
LATE AFTERNOON

Cigarette's about half gone.

SOUND: The horn of the semi, blatting at Morrison to move.

He sits up with a jerk and sees that the station wagon in front of him is slowly pulling away, leaving an empty lane. He looks left--

327. EXT THE CORVETTE MORRISON'S POV - LATE AFTERNOON 327.

It's still sitting there, although horns are blatting behind it. The Girl is fixing her make-up. The Young Man is looking straight at Morrison, and now we recognize him as the Cat-kidnapper. It's Junk.

328. INT MORRISON IN HIS CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 328.

He's staring with total, stunned shock.

329. EXT THE 'VETTE - LATE AFTERNOON 329.

It pulls away suddenly, accelerating.

330. INT MORRISON IN HIS CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 330.

He looks down and sees the cigarette which is still smouldering away between his fingers. He slams it down in the ashtray hard, fountaining sparks everywhere, burning his hand. HORNS BLARE behind him. Morrison paws the transmission into Drive and gets moving.

331. EXT THE MORRISON HOME - EARLY EVENING 331.

Morrison's car stands in the driveway. The driver's door is open and we can hear the "you-left-your-key-in-the-ignition" alarm buzzing.

MORRISON (VO)  
Cindy?...Cindy?...Cindy!

332. INT THE DINING ROOM - MORRISON - EARLY EVENING 332.

MORRISON  
(looking around wildly)  
Cindy!

He runs out the door.

333. INT THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL - MORRISON - EARLY EVENING 333.

He runs to the foot of the stairs.

MORRISON

CINDY!

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

He turns to the study door and we see an expression of dread on his face.

334. INT THE STUDY - MORRISON - EARLY EVENING 334.

He crosses to the study desk and looks at the telephone. Slowly, he picks it up.

MORRISON

Cindy?

DONATTI (VO)

Hello, Mr. Morrison.

335. INT DONATTI'S "OFFICE" - EARLY EVENING 335.

He's sitting behind his desk. The draw curtains of the "juice room" are pulled back. Cindy is inside. Her shoes are off. We can faintly hear her crying to be let out. She's disoriented, terrified.

DONATTI

It seems we have a business matter to attend to--would five o'clock be convient?

336. INT MORRISON IN HIS STUDY - EARLY EVENING 336.

MORRISON

(frantic; babbling)

It was a slip, just a small slip, that's all! It won't happen again! It...it didn't even taste good!

DONATTI (VO)

I'll count on you for five, shall I?

MORRISON

Donatti, for God's sake!

SOUND: Click!

Morrison looks unbelievably at the phone for a moment, and then he throws the receiver across the room with a wild yell. He puts his hand to his face.

CONTINUED



336. CONTINUED

336.

MORRISON  
Jesus. Oh, Jesus Christ.

337. INT DONATTI'S "OFFICE" - EVENING

337.

Donatti has got his feet up on his desk. He's reading a book. The Cat is in the cat carrier on one side of the desk, pacing angrily back and forth, waowing to be let out. The "juice room" curtains have been pulled shut again.

The door opens, and Junk muscles Morrison in. Morrison has a big bruise on his cheek. Junk has a gun. The door to the hall is left open.

DONATTI  
Hello, Mr. Morrison.

MORRISON  
Where's my wife, you turd!

JUNK  
He tried to get smart with his fists. Unfortunately, he's got very dumb fists.

MORRISON  
Where's Cindy?

He tries to pull away from Junk. Junk raises the gun, not as if to shoot him, but as if to pistol-whip him again. Morrison showing surprising ability, judo-chops Junk's wrist, knocking the gun to the floor. It goes off with a deafening BANG.

DONATTI  
JUNK YOU IDIOT!

Morrison breaks for the curtained window, desperate.

MORRISON  
Cindy! Cin--

Donatti grabs him. Morrison punches at him wildly. Donatti tosses him easily, as before. Morrison goes sliding across the desk, pushing everything off, including the cat-cage. He ends this spectacular desk-clearing feat by going off himself.

When the cat-cage hits, the doorsnaps open and The Cat is out like a shot. It runs across the room and squirts out into the hall.

337. CONTINUED

337.

JUNK  
Oh, fiddlefuck!

He starts after The Cat.

Morrison, meanwhile, is reaching for the gun on the floor.

338. INT HALL - MORRISON ON THE FLOOR - EVENING

338.

As he grabs the gun, Donatti's shoe comes down on his wrist.

DONATTI (VO)  
Never mind the cat, you hemorrhoid!  
Get the gun!!!

339. INT HALL - ALL THREE COMBATANTS - EVENING

339.

Junk bends down and pulls the gun off of Morrison's hand. He points it at him and Morrison gives up.

DONATTI  
(not even breathing hard)  
Get up, Mr. Morrison, and let's  
not have any more foolishness.

340. INT THE RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING

340.

The door between this room and the area where Donatti is has been chocked open, and The Cat enters. But the door between reception and the outer hall--freedom--is closed.

The Cat leaps up on a sofa and begins watching that outer door alertly.

341. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - "JUICE ROOM" - EVENING

341.

Donatti is at the covered window. Morrison and Junk stand slightly behind. Junk has got the pistol trained on Morrison, and I think we know he'd shoot--probably to kill--if provoked again.

DONATTI  
I understand your agitation, and  
it won't be held against you.

He looks meaningfully from Morrison to Junk and then back to Morrison.

DONATTI  
At least, not by me. But I'd be a  
good boy now, Mr. Morrison. Don't  
provoke Junk again.

CONTINUED

341. CONTINUED

341.

MORRISON  
(hoarsely)  
Please--

DONATTI  
We'll make this as brief as possible.  
Your wife won't be hurt..this time.

Morrison sees that this is going to happen; no matter what he says or does, this is going to happen. He slumps.

Donatti sweeps the curtains aside and we see Cindy in the juice room, looking scared and bewildered. Morrison lunges forward; Junk restrains him.

DONATTI  
Watch him, Junk.

Donatti flicks Toggle #1.

MUSIC, FAINT: Question Mark and the Mysterians singing "96 Tears."

342. INT THE "JUICE ROOM" - CINDY - EVENING

342.

She looks around, startled. In here, the MUSIC is much louder. Across the room we see the window is a mirror on this side.

343. INT DONATTI'S "OFFICE" - DONATTI MORRISON & JUNK  
EVENING

343

DONATTI  
Remember, it's like getting a shot at the doctor's office.

He flicks Toggle #2.

344. INT THE "JUICE ROOM" - CINDY - EVENING

344.

As before, we hear the HUM OF ELECTRICITY under the MUSIC.

CINDY  
What--?

She screams. She leaps into the air. Sparks fly. She touches down and screams again. More sparks; another leap. Her hair starts to stand out straight, like Elsa Lanchester's in The Bride of Frankenstein. She screams and jumps, boogying around the "juice room".

CONTINUED

344. CONTINUED

344.

Cindy keeps time to the beat in a way that's both horrible and funny. She looks like someone with bad coordination problems at a disco.

345. INT DONATTI'S "OFFICE" - EVENING

345.

Donatti is standing gravely by the switches, looking at his watch, counting off the seconds. In the "juice room", Cindy hops and screams.

346. INT THE RECEPTION ROOM WITH CAT - EVENING

346.

We hear WHISTLING, and SOUNDS OF BUCKETS BANGING TOGETHER. Approaching. The Cat pricks up his ears. RATTLE OF A KEY IN THE LOCK. The Cat tenses.

The door opens; a JANITOR comes in. As he does, The Cat is gone like a shot.

JANITOR

What in the hell was that?

347. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - "JUICE ROOM" - EVENING

347.

Morrison lunges forward--or tries. Junk restrains him once more.

MORRISON

Stop it! Stop it, you're killing her!

DONATTI

(not looking up from his watch)  
Take it easy, Mr. Morrison--she'll be fine.

348. INT THE "JUICE ROOM," WITH CINDY - EVENING

348.

She jumps and hops. Sparks fly. Now her hair sticks out in all directions in big spikes, like someone caught in the arc of a cyclatron.

349. INT DONATTI'S "OFFICE" - EVENING

349.

He flicks off the juice and then the MUSIC.

350. INT THE "JUICE ROOM," WITH CINDY - EVENING

350.

She collapses, sobbing. Her feet are burned, her panythoses smouldering.

351. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - EVENING

351.

Morrison is also crying.

DONATTI

I think you have some  
explaining to do...don't you?

352. INT QUITTERS INC. RECEPTION AREA - CINDY, MORRISON  
- EVENING (MONITOR - BLUE FILTER)

352.

This is a TV image. They are talking, but there is no  
sound. The two of them are standing face-to-face.  
Morrison is talking, and I think he looks deeply  
ashamed. Cindy is listening earnestly.

JUNK (V.O.)

Ain't you going to turn the  
sound up?

DONATTI (V.O.)

No need. When you've been in the  
business as long as I have--

353. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - DONATTI & JUNK - EVENING

353.

The TV is in the wall; one of the cork soundproofing  
panels has been pushed aside to reveal it. Junk and  
Donatti are watching it; so are we.

DONATTI

--you know all the lines. In the  
next ten seconds, she's either  
gonna hug him tight enough to  
give him a hernia or slap his face  
and walk out.

JUNK

Ten bucks says she slaps him.

DONATTI

You're on.

On the TV monitor, Cindy hugs Morrison, and they kiss.

JUNK

Fuck!

DONATTI

Well, they could use the couch,  
but I think they'll wait until  
they get home. Pay up.

He holds out his hand as Junk digs for his wallet.

354. INT THE DIAL OF A SCALE - CU - DAY

354.

It rises to 183, then drops back to 181.

MORRISON (V.O.)

Listen, I know I've gained a  
little weight--

355. INT ANOTHER QUITTERS INC. OFFICE - DAY

355.

This one looks like a combination doctor's office and  
weight-room. Junk leans against one wall, arms folded.

Time has passed; maybe months.

Morrison is standing on the scales in his shorts.  
Donatti is recording his weight on a clipboard sheet.

DONATTI

Seventy-three percent of our  
clients do. Step down, Mr.  
Morrison. Get dressed. We ought  
to have a talk.

356. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - PILLS ON DONATTI'S DESK - CU  
- DAY

356.

DONATTI (V.O.)

Diet pills. Most of them highly  
illegal these days.

357. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - DONATTI & MORRISON - DAY

357.

DONATTI

Use sparingly, Mr. Morrison.

MORRISON

(pocketing them)  
I will, don't worry.

DONATTI

I'm going to set your maximum  
weight at 188.

MORRISON

What happens if I go over 188?

DONATTI

Then we send someone over to your  
house to cut off your wife's  
little finger. Have a nice day,  
Mr. Morrison.

358. INT DONATTI'S OFFICE - MORRISON - CU - DAY

358.

He gapes.

359. INT MORRISON DINING ROOM - MORRISONS & McCANNS - NIGHT

359.

Morrison is pouring champagne. He finished by pouring a glass for himself and, still standing, raises the glass.

MORRISON

A toast!

The other rise--Jimmy McCann and his WIFE; Cindy as well.

CINDY

No throwing the glasses in the fireplace though--we'll wake up Alicia.

MORRISON

To Quitters, Incorporated!

CINDY and JIMMY McCANN

Quitters, Incorporated!

Mrs. McCann is a small, pretty thing. After a moment's hesitation, she joins in.

MRS. McCANN

(quietly)

Quitters, Incorporated.

She raises her glass to touch theirs.

360. INT MORRISON DINING ROOM - MORRISON - CU - NIGHT

360.

His smile falters; his gaze sharpens.

361. INT DINING ROOM - MRS McCANN, MORRISON'S POV - NIGHT

361.

As she touches her glass to the others, we see that her little finger is gone.

SOUND: Tingling shimmer of glasses touching in the toast.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

362. EXT A SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

362.

TITLE CARD (OPTIONAL): WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT

The street is strikingly similar to the Wilmington street where we first met the Cat, and the house is really just the same, with a different paint-job.

HUGH (the mannequin-dad) and his daughter AMANDA (the girl, as she was in the show window) are washing the family car, having a great time.

HUGH

More soap, slave! More soap!

She puts more soap on the back, and he sprays her with the hose. She shrieks and giggles.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE CAR, SLIDING LOW--to hubcap level. We hear a SOUND that should be both expected and terrifying: JINGLE, JINGLE, JINBLE.

A shadow bobs up and down on one of the tires.

363. EXT THE STREET - CAT - DAY

363.

Here he comes--of course. Hasn't this been where he was going all along?

SOUND, FAINT: Jingle...jingle...

The Cat turns his head and sees:

364. EXT THE HOUSE - HUGH, AMANDA - DAY

364.

They are nominally washing the car but really just soaking each other.

The front door opens. SALLY-ANNE (another show-window vetran) comes out.

SALLY-ANNE

Lunch, you two...and I don't want you dripping on my floor!

365. EXT THE HOUSE - LOW ON THE CAR - DAY

365.

Something moves--we cannot properly see what.

366. EXT THE HOUSE - CREATURE'S POV - DAY

366.

THE CAMERA rushes over the driveway to the front steps at breathtaking speed, up them and between Sally-Anne's ankles, into the foyer, to the stairs, and up them.

SOUND: Harsh, ugly breathing.



367. EXT THE HOUSE - CAT BY THE HEAD OF THE DRIVEWAY - DAY 367.

It rushes for the house and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS. It splashes through the running water from the car-wash, and beyond it we see small, twisted, drying footprints.

It splashes across these, rubbing some out, intermingling its own with others.

368. EXT THE HOUSE - AMANDA & FAMILY - DAY 368.

The Cat streaks into the house.

SALLY-ANNE

Hey!

AMANDA

(delighted)

A cat! A cat came to our house! Can we keep it?

HUGH

Honey, it probably belongs to some--

SALLY-ANNE

No.

369. INT THE HOUSE - DOOR OF AMANDA'S ROOM - DAY 369.

The Cat is pawing at it, waowing to be let in. Amanda races down the hall to it, closely followed by her parents.

SALLY-ANNE

(sharply)

Don't touch it, Amanda, strays can have diseases, they bite--

Ignoring her, Amanda picks up the Cat, which immediately begins to purr in her arms.

AMANDA

See? He's not going to bite me. He likes me. And I like him.

HUGH

Does he have a tag or a licence on his collar?

AMANDA

No. He doesn't even have a collar. I want to keep him. Please, may I?

SALLY-ANNE

No. I don't like cats. They make me nervous.

369. CONTINUED

369.

HUGH

We could have the vet check  
him for--

SALLY-ANNE

No! We're not taking in every  
stray animal that just happens  
to wander into the house.

AMANDA

(really pleading)

Please, mummy? Please? If the vet  
says it's all right and if no one  
comes to get him? Please?

Sally-Anne's face starts to soften. A little.

370. EXT THE HOUSE - NIGHT

370.

We can see curtains fluttering outward from one  
upstairs window, which has been partially raised.  
Below this window is an ivy trellis.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Mummy, can't General stay in  
with me?

SALLY-ANNE (V.O.)

No. His trial lease in this house  
does not include bedroom privileges.

371. INT THE FRONT HALL - AMANDA, SALLY-ANNE, HUGH, THE  
CAT - NIGHT

371.

Amanda is ready for bed. Sally-Anne is holding the  
Cat. Amanda looks really upset, and Hugh is upset for  
her.

SALLY-ANNE

Also, he might decide to try Paulie  
if he gets the midnight munchies.  
Birds and cats don't get along so  
well, in case you never watched  
Sylvester and Tweetie-Bird on TV.

AMANDA

General loves Paulie!

SALLY-ANNE

Since this fella only showed up  
this afternoon, it might be a  
little early to decide on that  
for sure, hon.

CONTINUED

371. CONTINUED

371.

AMANDA

But--

HUGH

(dryly)

Also, your mother had a conference call with your nana this evening, Mandy, and Nanny told your mom that cats steal kids' breath.

Amanda goggles at her father. Sally-Anne looks discomfited and mad.

AMANDA

(giggling)

Why would General steal my breath when he has his own?

Hugh falls into a burlesque accent that suggests "Nanny's" Russian or Polish ancestry.

HUGH

You hef ter put all ennimals out in der night, Aminda! Erspecielly da ket ennimals! Or dey climb up on your chest in der night end suck your bret...like dis!

He has come closer and closer to his giggling daughter, all the time wagging his eyebrows up and down and scrunching his face. Now, his face close to hers, he sucks: WHOOOSH-GULP! Amanda collapses into helpless giggles.

SALLY-ANNE

(cold as ice)

Well, now Hugh. That was very, very helpful.

She opens the front door.

372. EXT THE HOUSE - NIGHT

372.

The Cat is tossed out and the door shuts behind it.

373. EXT THE HOUSE - CAT - CU - NIGHT

373.

It's upset. It meows and paws lightly at the door.

374. INT THE HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

374.

Sally-Anne is angry; Hugh and Amanda are both concerned and unhappy.

SALLY-ANNE

Your father can joke about Nanny all he likes, but that cat is not going to spend his nights in your room, Amanda. And that really is final. Now go up and brush your teeth.

Amanda starts slowly and unhappily up the stairs.

HUGH

Honey--

SALLY-ANNE

(brushing by him)

I want to unload the dishwasher.  
Excuse me.

He looks after her, unhappily.

375. EXT THE HOUSE - MORNING

375.

A big yellow schoolbus pulls up to the curb, its lights flashing. Amanda runs for it. Sally-Anne comes out on the front step with an envelope in her hand.

SALLY-ANNE

(calls)

Amanda! Your lunch-money!

Amanda runs back to her, takes the envelope, and kisses her swiftly. The tiff of the night before has been forgotten.

AMANDA

Thanks, mom!

She runs for the bus. Sally-Anne watches her go, smiling fondly. We hear a SOUND. Sally-Anne looks down, and as the bus pulls away her smile becomes a look of disgusted horror.

376. EXT THE HOUSE - GENERAL, SALLY-ANNE'S POV - MORNING

376.

General has brought Sally-Anne a peace-offering: a dead and rather mangled mouse.

377. EXT THE BACK STOOP - MORNING

377.

Sally-Anne comes out with a small white plastic garbage bag. The contents are most surely one dead mouse. She puts it in the garbage can with a grimace.

SALLY-ANNE

Maybe they don't steal breath  
...but they kill things.

She puts the lid on over the garbage bag.

378. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

378.

The room is filled with all the worldly goods a loving mommy and daddy can provide--dollhouse, TV, etc. There are pictures of horses on some walls and teeny-bop rockers on others.

Against one wall: a birdcage on a floor-stand. Paulie a parakeet, sings contentedly inside it.

Against another wall: a large Dolls of All Nations collection sitting on the floor with their backs against the baseboard.

Amanda is sitting in a small rocking chair with General in her lap, petting him. She looks pretty dejected.

The door opens and Hugh comes in. He's just home from work and dressed in a suit. He crosses to her and kisses her cheek. She kisses him back.

(N.B.: There's a fireplace built into a third wall, with a glass firescreen in front of it...and on the roof this house (plus Wilmington house) we should see chimneys.)

HUGH

Hi, honey.

AMANDA

Hi, dad...did you check with the newspaper?

HUGH

Called them the second I came in. Nobody answered the ad--

AMANDA

(brightens a little)

Good!

HUGH

--yet. But it's still early.

Amanda is gloomy once more.

378. CONTINUED

378.

AMANDA

Is mommy still mad at you?

HUGH

No--all's well.

AMANDA

Do you think maybe now I  
could ask her again if--

HUGH

I don't think so, honey, not  
yet.

AMANDA

I had a bad dream last night. I  
dreamed there was a monster living  
in my wall, just like the monster  
in that story about the three billy  
goats, only smaller. I bet General  
could keep that monster away.

HUGH

There aren't any monsters, Amanda.  
Only in the movies. And in dreams.

AMANDA

(smiles)

Well, I bet he could keep that  
dream away!

HUGH

Come on downstairs. I'll beat you  
at Parcheesi.

AMANDA

(brightens up)

No you won't, either! Will he,  
General?

General meows. Amanda gets up. They leave the room.  
The door shuts. There's a beat of silence. Then...  
jingle-jingle-jingle.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the Dolls of All Nations. SOUND:  
JINGLING. And the dolls tremble slightly.

379. EXT THE HOUSE - NIGHT

379.

The front door opens. General is deposited on the  
front stoop.

380. INT AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 380.  
Amanda in bed, just lying there, alone and frightened.  
She looks up for awhile, then looks left, toward:
381. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - DOLLS OF THE NATIONS - AMANDA'S  
POV - NIGHT 381.  
THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY along the line: Chinese lady,  
Dutch doll, Kenyan tribeswoman, Mexican boy and girl  
with linked hands--they sit against the baseboard and  
stare at us--at Amanda--with their dead dolly eyes.
382. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT 382.  
Amanda turns hurriedly over on her other side, to the  
right, so she doesn't have to look at those spooky  
dolls. She closes her eyes; on her face is a resolute  
I'm-making-the-best-of-it expression.
383. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - DOLLS AGAINST THE BASEBOARD - NIGHT 383.  
Very faintly, a CHITTERING SOUND comes, and some of  
the dolls tremble.
384. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA IN BED - NIGHT 384.  
Some time has passed; she is fast asleep.
385. INT THE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 385.  
The lights are off, Hugh and Sally-Anne are in bed,  
but both are still awake.

HUGH

I think she was crying a little  
when I kissed her goodnight.

SALLY-ANNE

(sighs)

Cheer me up.

HUGH

Maybe we'll talk about some  
more--what do you think?

SALLY-ANNE

I don't trust that cat, Hugh.  
Not a bit.

HUGH

But--

CONTINUED

385. CONTINUED

385.

SALLY-ANNE

It brought me a dead mouse today.  
It would be just as happy to  
bring me Paulie. Happier.

She rolls to one side; Hugh to the other.

386. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

386.

SOUND: A RIPPING NOISE. It stops for a moment, then STARTS AGAIN, LOUDER. One of the dolls, a Russian lady in a babushka, topples into the lap of a rabbi doll.

In the blank space revealed by the falling Russian lady-doll, we see a crack appear in the wood. RIPPING SOUND CONTINUES as the baseboard pulls itself raggedly open, revealing a gap of first an inch...then two...then five. A very dark gap.

SOUND: JINGLING. And an ugly CHITTERING SOUND.

For a moment nothing more happens; then THE CREATURE comes out. Exactly what is it? A gremlin or an elf of some sort, I suppose. Mssrs. Teague and Rambaldi will make him look the way he should look. He's about five inches high, humanoid, and wearing a breechclout or a loin-cloth. He has yellow eyes and an ugly expression --but it's not a stupid expression, oh no. On his head is a cap of bells, like a court jester's cap. This is what is making that JINGLING SOUND.

He's carrying a strange crooked knife in one hand.

He turns toward the dolls, grins, and suddenly slashes the Russian lady so that her stuffing bleeds out across her stomach. He cocks his head and grins. He CHITTERS. This might be laughter. Yeah, he sounds like he's laughing. This is one very mean little being. With incredible speed, The Creature lopez across the floor to the foot of Amanda's bed; THE CAMERA TRACKS HIM.

SOUND: Paulie chittering.

The Creature's head snaps around with the speed of a striking panther; it bares its teeth in an ugly grin.

387. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - PAULIE'S CAGE(COVERED) - NIGHT

387.

It's shaking a bit. We can't see him, but we know the bird is extremely upset.

CONTINUED



387. CONTINUED

387.

The Creature runs back across the floor to the base of the birdcage. It stands there for a moment, looking up then puts its knife between its teeth and begins to shinny up the wooden pole, using its fingernails and toenails to dig in like a telephone lineman. Its cap JINGLES.

388. EXT THE SIDE LAWN - GENERAL - NIGHT

388.

The Cat looks agitated. It crosses the grass to the foot of the ivy trellis and looks up at:

389. EXT AMANDA'S WINDOW - GENERAL'S POV - NIGHT

389.

This is, of course, an extreme up-angle, making Amanda's window look as high as Everest. Nonetheless, we can see the blowing curtains.

390. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE CREATURE & PAULIE'S CAGE - NIGHT 390.

The Creature reaches the bottom edge of the cage and hauls itself up. It lifts the cover and wriggles between the bars of the bird-cage; it looks grotesquely like a little boy wriggling his way under the hem of a circus tent to steal a peek at the show.

The cover falls back into place.

391 INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE CREATURE - ECU - NIGHT

391.

It grins, revealing horrible fanged teeth in its pasty little face. The knife is back in its hand.

392. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - PAULIE, CREATURE'S POV - NIGHT

392.

The poor little parakeet is flying around in a frenzy.

393. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

393.

We can't see through the cover, but we can hear Paulie. We hear JINGLING. We see the cage moving with the force of his frenzied lunges.

There's that CHITTERING SOUND...then the THUD of The Creature's knife going home; then a CRUNCH that might be small bones breaking. Silence. And the cage stops moving. THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THIS for a moment.

394. EXT HOUSE - THE IVY TRELLIS - NIGHT

394.

General is climbing up.

395. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - POLE OF THE BIRD CAGE - NIGHT 395.

The Creature is coming down again. It is holding the knife in its teeth. The blade is geasy with blood.

It reaches the circular foot, takes the knife, and runs across to the foot of the bed again; THE CAMERA FOLLOWS. It pauses for a moment, CHITTERING with what might be triumph. Then it climbs up.

396. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FOOT OF AMANDA'S BED - NIGHT 396.

The Creature's face appears at the foot of the bed, a grimacing bad dream come to life with the bloody knife in its teeth. Its cap JINGLES faintly.

When it is safe on the bed, it takes the knife from its mouth and slides it into its breechclout. It CHITTERS --a triumphant sound. It starts forward. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS as it runs along the shape of Amanda's body like a man running along the top of a sand-dune.

As it reaches her chest, it stops and squats down. It grings, then leans forward toward her face. Cats may not steal breath, but this thing apparently does.

SOUND: A cat's growl of anger.

The Creature looks up, alarmed, toward:

397. INT AMANDA'S WINDOW - NIGHT 397.

General is crouched on the sill, eyes glowing a bright green, tail switching. He growls again--a low, warning sound.

398. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA'S BED - THE CREATURE - NIGHT 398.

It's alarmed--this wasn't supposed to happen. It bares its teeth and draws its knife. CHITTERS at the cat.

399. INT AMANDA'S WINDOW - GENERAL - NIGHT 399.

General hisses--a sound like a radiator in overdrive --leaps down.

400. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FOOT OF AMANDA'S BED - NIGHT 400.

The Creature comes sliding down, knife in mouth. The minute its ugly, long-nailed feet hit the floor it takes the knife out of its mouth and starts running for its hole.

401. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF ROOM, FLOOR LEVEL - NIGHT 401.

This is the fight between General and The Creature. Mssrs. Teague and Rambaldi will decide the specifics, based on what they can do (and what the budget will allow). For these reasons, I have not even tried to break the action down into shots--but it should go something like this:

The Cat and the elf-thing meet somewhere near the Dolls of All Nations--General has succeeded in cutting The Creature off from its hole. General claws out and knocks The Creature sprawling. It comes to its feet, furious. It's bleeding from a number of slashes; its blood is green.

It gestures at General with the knife--"Come on, then!"

General feints. The Creature slashes at him and misses. The knife digs into the wood of the floor, pulling up a big splinter; something else for Sally-Anne to bitch and moan about in the morning.

General swipes at The Creature while it's pulling its knife out of the wood. The Creature pulls back, CHITTERING. General misses; if he had gotten The Creature that time, his claws probably would have taken the little beastie's head off.

They circle, each looking for an opening. The Creature is panting.

It cuts its eyes to one side and sees its hole, temptingly close. The Creature breaks for it, and General rakes his claws down The Creature's back, sending it sprawling again. One of the bells falls off its cap.

The Creature is up in a moment, and whirls as General pounces on it.

402. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - GENERAL & CREATURE - CU - NIGHT 402.

The Creature stabs General in one shoulder--and then bites.

403. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - CREATURE & GENERAL - WIDER SHOT-NGT 403.

HISSING AND SPITTING, General pulls away. The knife is hanging out of General's shoulder. There's cat-fur in The Creature's mouth.

In backing up, General strikes the post of Paulie's cage. The cage rocks. The knife drops out of General's shoulder.

404. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT 404.

It overbalances and falls with A TREMENDOUS CRASH.

405. INT THE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 405.

Sally-Anne sits up with a gasp while Hugh is still coming soupyly awake beside her.

SALLY-ANNE

What was that?

406. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA'S BED - NIGHT 406.

She sits up and looks around, still more asleep than awake.

AMANDA

General? That you?

407. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FLOOR WITH CREATURE & GENERAL - NGT 407.

The Creature swerves toward the cage and gathers up his knife. Then he runs for the hole in the baseboard again. General has been knocked asprawl by the falling birdcage, but he gives chase quickly nonetheless.

This time he's a little too slow. The Creature darts into its den. General tries to follow, but he's alerted by that wooden GRINDING SOUND and draws back in a hurry. We see he's bleeding quite freely from one shoulder.

The wood slides together; The Creature's hole disappears. Nothing there now except the hole in the line of dolls where the Russian Lady has once more fallen over.

General stays his ground for a moment and then runs for the window.

408. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA, SITTING UP IN BED - NIGHT 408.

Her eyes fix on something else and widen, dismayed.

AMANDA

Paulie!

She's out of bed in a flash.

409. INT HALLWAY DOOR OF AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT 409.

It opens, and there's Hugh, in his robe and pajamas. Sally-Anne is behind him.

HUGH

Mandy?

CONTINUED

409. CONTINUED

409.

SALLY-ANNE  
Honey? Are you--?

AMANDA (V.O.)  
(screaming)  
Paulie! Paulie!

They run in, fast.

410. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

410.

She's on the floor by the overturned birdcage. The cover came partway off when the cage fell over, and Amanda is sobbing hard.

Hugh and Sally-Anne arrive.

SALLY-ANNE  
What happened?

AMANDA  
(sobbing)  
Paulie's dead! The monster in my wall killed Paulie!

Hugh bends down.

411. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - PAULIE'S CAGE - HUGH'S POV - NIGHT 411.

The cover is still partly on and we can't see too much, but we can see enough. Uck! Parakeet pizza.

412. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA, HUGH, SALLY-ANNE - NIGHT 412.

There's distaste on the faces of the grown-ups; Amanda is grief-stricken.

Hugh holds the girl against his chest, getting her eye off Paulie's remains. Sally-Anne looks toward:

413. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - PARTLY OPENED WINDOW - NIGHT 413.

414. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - SALLY-ANNE - NIGHT 414.

She goes to the window and looks down at:

415. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - WINDOWSILL - SALLY-ANNE'S POV - NGT 415.

There's blood there, and in some of it there are cat tracks.

416. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA, HUGH & SALLY-ANNE - NIGHT 416.

Sally-Anne slams the window down almost hard enough to break the glass. And her face, full of hate and loathing for the cat, tells us everything we need to know about what she thinks.

417. EXT BACK STOOP - MORNING 417.

SOUND: The School bus

To the right of the stoop is the garbage can where Sally-Anne put the mouse. The inner door to the kitchen is open; we hear Hugh and Sally-Anne through the screen.

HUGH (V.O.)

She's convinced General didn't do it.

General, the subject of this conversation, comes up on the back porch and sits there silently, washing his feet. He seems to be listening. And by now we probably believe he is.

SALLY-ANNE (V.O.)

Yes, I now. She's convinced it was a troll that got tired of living under a bridge and came to live in her wall instead. But she's eight and you're thirty-eight and the cat's tracks were on her windowsill. In Paulie's blood. Are you going to get rid of it, or am I?

HUGH (V.O.)

I'll do it.

Now the back door opens and Hugh comes out with a wrapped newspaper package in one hand that must surely contain the unfortunate Paulie.

Hugh sees General. He looks at him as he drops the bird into the trash.

HUGH

Well, there he goes, Killer. I would have thought you'd be gone by now, too. Your welcome around here has gotten pretty threadbare.

General meows. Hugh starts to turn away, then sees something and does a doubletake. He squats and picks the cat up.

418. EXT HOUSE - GENERAL IN HUGH'S HANDS - HUGH'S POV 418.  
- MORNING

Featuring the wound in General's shoulder. Hugh's fingers gently part the fur to get a better look at the wound.

419. EXT HOUSE BACK\_STOOP - HUGH & GENERAL - MORNING 419.

He puts the cat down and stands up, frowning. After a moment he goes inside.

420. INT KITCHEN - MORNING 420.

HUGH

Cat's got a bloody shoulder.

Sally-Anne is doing dishes. She doesn't look around. Her mind is made up.

SALLY-ANNE

So what?

HUGH

Well...I don't know...

SALLY-ANNE

Paulie got one hit in before the cat killed him. Good for Paulie.

HUGH

Doesn't look like a peck. Looks like a bite.

SALLY-ANNE

Crap.

Hugh has gone to the kitchen table and is drinking the last of his coffee standing up. Now he looks toward her thoughtfully.

SALLY-ANNE

You better hurry up. You'll be late for work.

He looks at her for a moment longer, but she doesn't look at him; she doesn't want to discuss this.

421. INT/EXT THE DRIVEWAY - MORNING 421.

We're looking out the living room window as Hugh backs his car down the driveway and into the street. He starts off to work.

422. INT KITCHEN - KITCHEN COUNTER WITH DISH - MORNING 422.

It's heaped with food--not just your ordinary cat-food, either; an empty can of Three Diamonds Tuna stands nearby.

SOUND: Meow!

423. INT/EXT BACK STOOP - GENERAL - MORNING 423.

He's outside the screen, drawn by the smell of food.

424. INT KITCHEN - MORNING 424.

We're looking toward an open pantry door. After a moment, Sally-Anne comes out. She's got a cardboard box in one hand.

SALLY-ANNE  
(exact reprise of MOTHER)  
Just stay right there.

She puts the box on the floor with the flaps folded back, and places the dish of tuna inside. It's now a baited trap.

She crosses to the screen door and opens it. General doesn't come right in; he sits on the stoop, tail twitching. What we see in his green eyes might be distrust.

SALLY-ANNE  
(balefully)  
Come on...it's Chow Time. Mommy  
has got your mostest, mostest,  
favorite, you little furry  
bastard.

425. INT KITCHEN - CARDBOARD BOX - GENERAL'S POV - MORNING 425.

This is an extremely low angle--we see only Sally-Anne's feet, and the opening in the box. Then THE CAMERA--General--moves forward and inside.

426. INT KITCHEN - SALLY-ANNE - MORNING 426.

This is a basically nice woman, but in her triumph she looks rather mean and ugly. She turns the box up and, quick as a wink, has the flaps closed. We can hear General scratching around inside, trying to get out.

Sally-Anne folds the flaps tightly in.

SALLY-ANNE  
There. Your bird-killing days  
are done, my friend.



427. INT KITCHEN - GENERAL IN THE BOX - MORNING 427.  
He looks like a con in the pet's version of Attica.  
The solitary confinement part. He scratches at the  
cardboard sides.
428. EXT CITY ANIMAL SHELTER - MORNING 428.  
Sky is dark and we can hear rumble of thunder. Sally-  
Anne is driving the family station wagon, pulls up in  
front of a cinderblock building. She removes the cat  
carrier and starts up the walk to the door.  
CAMERA PANS LEFT and we see a sign: CITY ANIMAL SHELTER
- AMANDA (V.O.)  
(bleeds in)  
General?...Gennnnn-ral!
429. EXT BACK STOOP - AMANDA - EVENING - RAINING 429.  
She's in her pajamas, and is obviously upset.
- AMANDA  
General!
430. EXT DOWN ANGLE ON THE BACK YARD - NIGHT - RAINING 430..  
We see Amanda in her pajamas, looking around. We're  
looking at her from her bedroom window--this is  
Sally-Anne's POV.
- SALLY-ANNE (V.O.)  
Hey, babe! Bedtime!
- Amanda looks around and up. She waves to show she  
understands.
- AMANDA  
In a minute, mom!
- Looks back at the yard.
- AMANDA  
(calls)  
Jennnnn-RAL!
431. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - SALLY-ANNE - NIGHT - RAINING 431.  
Paulie's cage is gone.
- Sally-Anne turns away from the window, obviously worried  
(and a bit guilty). She looks around the room and sees  
that some of the dolls are crooked again. She goes to  
them and neatens them up, just to have something to do.  
She starts to get up and her eye is caught by:
432. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - A BELL - SALLY-ANNE'S POV - NIGHT 432.  
- RAINING

433. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - SALLY-ANNE - NIGHT - RAINING 433.

She picks it up and looks at it. She shakes it. It JINGLES. She crosses the room and tosses the bell in Amanda's wastebasket as she goes out.

434. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - LOOKING DOWN INTO THE WASTEBASKET, 434.  
AT THE BELL - NIGHT - RAINING

435. EXT BACK STOOP - AMANDA - NIGHT - RAINING 435.

She comes out with the electric can-opener--if there is a sure-fire way to call a cat, this has got to be it. Her face is hopeful. There's an outside plug to the left of the steps, the kind with a cap to keep the rain out. Amanda squats down, sets the can-opener on the top step, lifts the plug-cap, plugs in the can-opener, and runs it.

Little by little the hope goes out of her face.

Sally-Anne comes to the screen door and opens it.

SALLY-ANNE

(gentle)

Come on, babe. Bedtime.

AMANDA

But I want General! I want to say goodnight to him even if he can't come to bed with me!

SALLY-ANNE

Well...he's probably off visiting or something.

Amanda slowly comes in, carrying the can-opener.

436. INT KITCHEN - NIGHT - RAINING 436.

Amanda takes the can-opener back to the counter, and puts it down.

AMANDA

What if he went away because you thought he killed Paulie?

SALLY-ANNE

Mandy, cats don't think!

AMANDA

General does. And he knows you think cats steal breath from kids even though they have their own. You know what I think? I think the monster in my wall killed Paulie just to get General in Dutch!

CONTINUED

436. CONTINUED

436.

Sally-Anne looks at her helplessly, not knowing what to say.

437. INT A KENNEL AT THE ANIMAL SHELTER - NIGHT - RAINING

437.

A dingy, unpleasant place. We're looking down a narrow corridor lined with cages stacked three and four high. Dogs BARK, cats YOWL. The place is crazy with noise.

An ATTENDENT is rolling a cart along this aisle. On the cart is a bag of meal with a scoop in it. He opens cage after cage, takes out dishes, fills them from the scoop, and puts them back in.

Every now and then he consults a clipboard which swings from his cart, and several times he puts a red card on one of the cages.

He stops near the end of the row and takes his clipboard again.

ATTENDENT

Tomorrow's your big day, fella.

He removes a red card from his breast pocket.

438. INT ANIMAL SHELTER - THE CAGE, CU - NIGHT - RAINING

438.

The Attendent's hand slides the card into the grooves on the front of the cage. It reads: TERMINATION REQUESTED BY OWNER FEE PAID. Below this: PET'S NAME GENERAL.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to General, inside the cage. He appears to be sleeping.

439. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT - RAINING

439.

Amanda is in bed. Hugh sits beside her. Amanda is quite sleepy, but she is also a very unhappy girl tonight. Her face is puffy, her eyes red.

HUGH

Amanda...honey...

She rolls over on her side, away from him. Hugh looks at her, concerned. He leans over.

440. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA, CU - NIGHT - RAINING

440.

Her eyes are closed, her breathing smooth and regular.

CONTINUED

440. CONTINUED

440.

SOUND: The creak of the bed as Hugh gets up, then footsteps as he crosses to the door. The light diminishes on Amanda's face as he closes the door.

In the dark, her eyes open and she looks very scared indeed.

441. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE DOLLS ALONG THE BASEBOARD,  
AMANDA'S POV - NIGHT - RAINING

441.

Staring. Creepy. But not as creepy as what we know is in that wall.

442. INT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - RAINING

442.

Sally-Anne is sitting at a vanity table in her nightgown, rubbing cream into her face. Her face is grim. If Hugh wants a fight, he'll get one.

Hugh comes out.

HUGH

Okay, where is he?

SALLY-ANNE

I took him to the Animal Shelter. It was obvious you were just going to let it slide.

HUGH

Don't you think that was a little high-handed.

SALLY-ANNE

(turns to him)

No. General killing Paulie--I thought that was high-handed.

HUGH

I'm going down there and spring him tomorrow morning. Then we can discuss things. But as a family.

SALLY-ANNE

I am not Mussolini!

HUGH

Yeah? You could have fooled me. I'm going down to the Shelter and get the cat tomorrow, and that's it.

442. CONTINUED

442.

Sally-Anne turns back to the mirror and resumes rubbing the cream into her face. There is a whole stew of emotions on her face--but not least among them is a species of guilty satisfaction.

SALLY-ANNE

You do that.

443. EXT AMANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - RAINING

443.

All the lights are out--it's late.

444. INT AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - RAINING

444.

She's sleeping. Paulie's cage has been removed. The window is tightly shut tonight.

SOUND: Groaning wood.

445. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - DOLLS ALONG THE BASEBOARD - NGT-RAIN 445.

They tremble as if an earthquake was happening. This time several of them fall over at once.

The baseboard rips open. The Creature steps out and looks around warily. Muted JINGLING from its cap of bells.

446. INT ANIMAL SHELTER - ATTENDENT AT GENERAL'S CAGE - NGT - RAIN 446.

He opens the cage to feed General...and General springs at him.

ATTENDENT

(startled)

Hey!

For a moment there's confusion. The Attendent is scratched. Then General hits the floor and runs around the far end of the aisle.

447. INT ANIMAL SHELTER - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT - RAIN 447.

This one is also lined with cages. At the end of it, a door stands open. We see the corner of a desk, and feet cocked up on it.

General goes streaking down this corridor and through the door.

448. INT ANIMAL SHELTER OFFICE - NIGHT - RAINING

448.

The office is messy and rather sleazy; the walls are covered with posters which deal with animal diseases, vaccinations, rules and regs. Messy and sleazy also pretty well describes BILLY, who is behind the desk with his feet up. He's dressed in grungy whites, and is reading a paperback porno novel. The cover shows a scantily dressed woman with a French Poodle at her feet. Title: Carla's Best Friend.

The door to the outside is standing open.

ATTENDENT (V.O.)

Billy! Hey, Billy!

Billy puts his feet down just as General comes streaking through the office. He's out the door in a flash.

ATTENDENT

(panting; cross)

Goddammit, Bill, that door isn't ever supposed to be open!

BILLY

(pretty vacant)

Well...it was hot.

ATTENDENT

It was like he knew we were gonna give him the gas tomorrow.

449. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE CREATURE - NIGHT - RAINING

449.

It runs across to Amanda's door. There is a rubber doorstop there. The Creature sticks it into the crack at the bottom of the door, then turns its back to it, leans against it, and shoves, wedging it deeply.

Now it trots across the floor to Amanda's bed and begins climbing the folds of the coverlet. As The Creature pulls himself over the lip of the bed, the feather he has stuck into his cap tickles the side of Amanda's foot which protrudes from underneath the blanket. Reflexively she kicks out, sending The Creature flying off the bed, and he disappears, and we hear the sound of a toy drum - THUMP.

450. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - CLOSE ON TOY DRUM - NIGHT - RAIN

450.

The skin is broken and The Creature pops up - GRRR - now he's really pissed.

451. EXT THE HOUSE FROM ONE SIDE - NIGHT - RAINING 451.

General comes running up the sidewalk. He goes to the ivy trellis and begins to climb it.

452. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA IN BED - NIGHT - RAINING 452.

She's sleeping on her back. The Creature again creeps up the shape of her body to her chest.

Amanda moans. The Creature grins.

453. EXT THE HOUSE - GENERAL ON THE TRELLIS - NGT - RAINING 453.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM to the second story--where we see that Amanda's window has been closed and shuttered.

General paws at this, waowing. We get the idea that he is becoming frantic.

It kneels down on her chest and puts its hands on her shoulders. It leans toward her face, as if to kiss her.

The Creature leans forward until its face is less than three inches from Amanda's. Then...it sucks. The resemblance to Hugh's breakfast joke of a couple of days ago should be unmistakable. A dim, phosphorescent cloud begins to issue from Amanda's lips to The Creature's-- it is her life, and the thing is quite literally sucking it out of her.

Amanda moans again--a stifled, strangled sound--and struggles weakly. The Creature holds on to her as she shifts in bed. It exhales, then leans forward again and one more sucks. That dully glowing cloud appears again.

Her struggles are weakening. We can see her growing paler and paler right in front of us. Now she begins to choke. The Creature stops to get a fresh breath, and for a moment Amanda stops choking. Then it leans forward and that phosphorescent cloud appears between them again. But now the brightness of that cloud is fading. She's dying.

454. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FIREPLACE - NIGHT - RAINING 454.

SOUND: SCRATCHING AND SCRAPING on the brick.

Through the glass screen we see black soot puff down from the chimney in a cloud. A second or two later General drops into the fireplace like a feline Santa Claus. Only it's not Santa; it's the cavalry, and just in time. We hope.

455. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA & THE CREATURE - NGT - RAIN 455.

Its nasty little head whips around in the direction of the fireplace.

456. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FIREPLACE - NIGHT - RAINING 456.

General charges at the glass fire-screen. Maybe he even gets up on his hind legs and pushes it. The screen totters the way Paulie's cage did, and falls. It shatters on Amanda's hardwood floor.

General blazes across the floor, growling and leaps onto Amanda's bed. All of this happens very fast.

457. INT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 457.

Hugh grunts. Sally-Anne sits bolt upright.

SALLY-ANNE  
What was that?

458. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA'S BED - NIGHT - RAINING 458.

General leaps on The Creature. Amanda wakes up...and sees the two of them fighting on her chest.

She SHRIEKS.

The Creature whips its knife out and slashes General, who draws back on his haunches, spitting and clawing.

The Creature runs, dives over the side of the bed, General follows.

459. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FLOOR AT FOOT OF AMANDA'S BED - NIGHT 459.

General leaps on The Creature. The two of them roll across the floor in a spitting, chittering, spiteful ball.

460. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA - NIGHT - RAINING 460.

She's sitting up in bed, too pale, screaming and gasping at the same time. There should be no doubt in our minds: This little girl almost died.

461. INT UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT - RAIN 461.

Hugh is ahead. He turns the doorknob and pushes- nothing happens. The door doesn't open. He looks blankly at Sally-Anne and tries again. It still won't open.

462. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - THE DOORSTOP, CU - NIGHT - RAIN 462.

He's pushing the door and just wedging it tighter.



463. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - AMANDA IN BED - NIGHT - RAINING 463.

AMANDA  
(shrieking)  
General caught the monster!  
The monster was in bed with me!

464. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - FLOOR - NIGHT - RAINING 464.

The Creature breaks away from General and runs for its hole. It has been badly clawed. General leaps after it spitting.

It has almost reached its lair when General pounces again. The Creature's little cap of bells falls into the lap of the rabbi doll. The Creature whirls and strikes with its knife. Then it begins to back into the hole.

465. INT UPSTAIRS HALL - HUGH & SALLY-ANNE - NIGHT - RAIN 465.

They stare at each other.

AMANDA (V.O.)  
Get 'im, General! Get 'im! Get 'im!

Hugh steps back and then rams the door with his shoulder. It rattles but doesn't give.

466. INT AMANDA'S ROOM - GENERAL & THE CREATURE BY THE BASEBOARD - NIGHT - RAINING 466.

General springs forward and slashes at the thing as it backs toward safety, and his sharp cat claws rip it wide open. It falls backward into its hole, gushing green blood. The knife falls just inside the hole.

Amanda rushes to General and picks him up, getting a mixture of red and green blood on her nightie.

467. INT AMANDA'S ROOM DOOR - NIGHT - RAINING 467.

It bursts in. Hugh and Sally-Anne rush through. They rush toward Amanda. Sally-Anne sees General and reacts.

SALLY-ANNE  
Where did he come from? Where...  
Where...

AMANDA  
General saved me. It wasn't General that was stealing my breath, it was the monster in there.

She points at the jagged hole in the baseboard. I don't think Sally-Anne has the slightest idea of what she is

CONTINUED

467. CONTINUED

467.

seeing--but Hugh sees the cap of bells. He picks it out of the doll's lap and holds it between his thumb and forefinger. He shakes it, and it JINGLES softly.

Sally-Anne takes it from Hugh and looks at it with dread and wonder.

Hugh is now examining the jagged hole. He sees the knife; of The Creature there is no sign.

HUGH  
Holy Christ.

Hugh reaches toward the hole, presumably to get that weird, crookedy little knife out of there. At that moment the wall snaps shut with a GRINDING SOUND, leaving no trace.

Sally-Anne and Hugh stare at this and then at each other. A wordless "Did you see it?" expression passes between them. Amanda seems quite blase, however. She's still petting General, crooning to him, telling him what a good cat he is--and by now, we agree, I think.

SALLY-ANNE  
Hugh? It came out of the woodwork, didn't it? It came out of the woodwork and then it went back in.

She laughs wildly, then stops laughing just as suddenly as she started.

SALLY-ANNE  
Oh shit.

HUGH  
(to Amanda)  
Is it dead, honey? Whatever came out of that hole...whatever wore this cap...is it dead?

AMANDA  
I don't know.

SALLY-ANNE  
We're not going to say anything about this to anyone, Hugh--do you understand that? Not even if we are drunk. Not even if we are smoking funny cigarettes with the Whitsuns.

CONTINUED

467. CONTINUED

467.

HUGH  
I don't even want to think  
about it.

SALLY-ANNE  
Amanda, I want you to promise  
me you won't talk about this  
with your friends.

AMANDA  
Well...that depends.

SALLY-ANNE  
Depends on what?

AMANDA  
(smiling)  
On whether or not I can keep  
General from now on. And in  
my room at night, too.

SALLY-ANNE  
Amanda, that's blackmail!

AMANDA  
(grinning)  
Yeah!

HUGH  
Well...all right. But he's not  
sleeping with you tonight.

AMANDA  
Why not?

SALLY-ANNE  
(gentle)  
Because tonight you sleep with  
us, honey.

468. EXT THE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

468.

All is peaceful.

469. INT MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

469.

All three of them are sleeping in the double, Amanda  
bookended by her parents. The child looks supremely  
happy.

CONTINUED

470. INT AMANDA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

470.

SOUND, LOUD: Purring.

THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON GENERAL, who is lying on Amanda's bed. He's not asleep, but in that sleepily watchful state that cats often fall into. His eyes are very green (perhaps for this shot, SFX can actually hype that green).

SLOW DISSOLVE, until all we can see are those green, watchful cat's eyes on the screen.

SOUND: PURRING, LOUD.

FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK.